

The

TATLER



NOVEMBER 19, 1958

& BYSTANDER (2/-)

GUEST OF
A PRINCE
IN JAVA

*Travel feature
by Nina Epton*



Relax in Nassau . . . on your way to or from business in the Americas

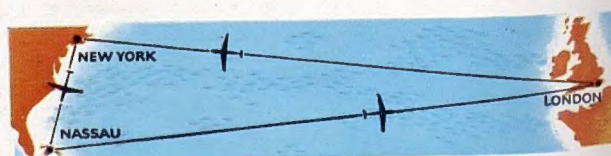
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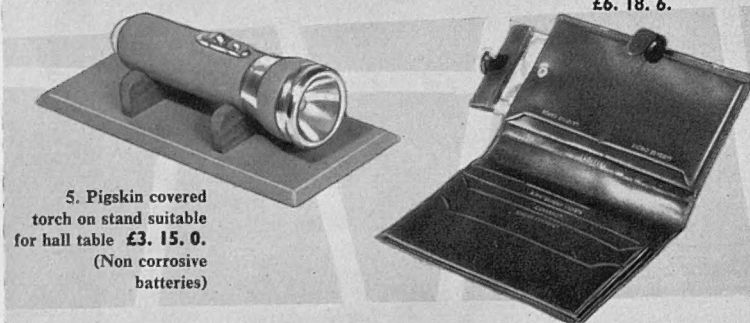
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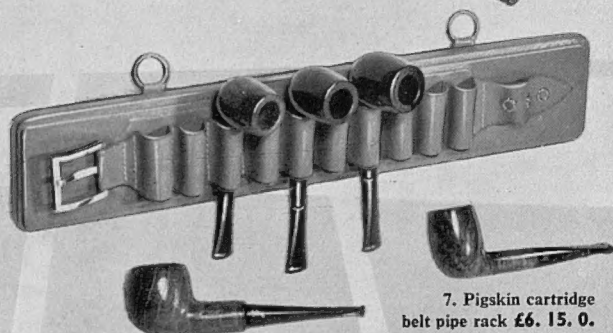
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A neat, pretty case in 'off-white', peacock blue, cherry red or golden tan. Size 14" x 14".
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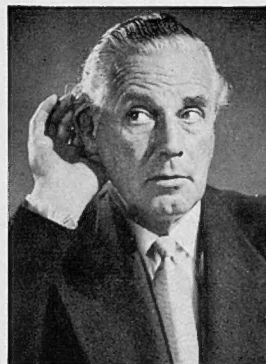
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Hearing all about Sir Timothy's trip,

John Graham had an idea. He had never seen Sir Timothy looking so tired as when the doctor had sent him away last April. He had never seen Sir Timothy looking so jaunty as now he was back in the office. Sir Timothy's sea voyage round Africa had set him up wonderfully. So . . . You see, John Graham, Senior Partner, was on the point of retirement. He and his wife were building a house in Devon. But by Graham's retirement date the house was not going to be finished.

The Grahams' alternatives were (a) to camp in a nearby hotel and nag the architect and builder, or (b) to go right away. After listening to Sir Timothy, Graham took his wife for a stroll up Bond Street to the Union-Castle offices, and the decision was made on the spot.

They would go right away—in fact to Cape Town and back, with two weeks 'shore leave'.



South into six weeks sunshine

There was a mid-November fog in London the Thursday they left Waterloo for the 'Stirling Castle'. They were in bright sunshine off the coast of Portugal by lunch-time on the second day, and swimming off the rocks at Reid's Hotel in Madeira during the afternoon trip ashore on Sunday. The 'Stirling Castle' did the Grahams proud. They bathed and basked. They saw films, they danced. They experimented with items of Union-Castle cuisine such as John Graham had previously only encountered at City banquets.

When they got to Cape Town, the Grahams heard that the carpenters were in at the house. The decorators were in while they were at the Rest Camp in the Hluhluwe Game Reserve

in Natal, with spools of exciting colour film already in their luggage. Back to Cape Town, with two more weeks of the easy shipboard life to look forward to. New friends and old friends. Mountains of luggage without extra charge. Round-the-clock Union-Castle service.

Their house was ready for occupa-



tion when they got back. It was a ritual moment when they turned on the heating to warm themselves back to South Atlantic comfort.

What have the Grahams lost? A lot of lines from their faces. Gained? Well, in six weeks, they say, they have caught up with twenty years' arrears of sleep, warmth, sunshine, reading and regular meals. Incidentally, by going and coming back on the dates they chose, they came in for the seasonal 'Quick Trip' reductions* in Union-Castle First Class Fares, and they are £100 and more in pocket as a result. They were grateful to Sir Timothy (now Senior Partner) for the tip. They tipped him back—a case of the excellent South African liqueur, Van der Hum.

** There are similar fare reductions if you travel First Class by the 'Stirling Castle', leaving Southampton in June and November next year.*

the going's good by



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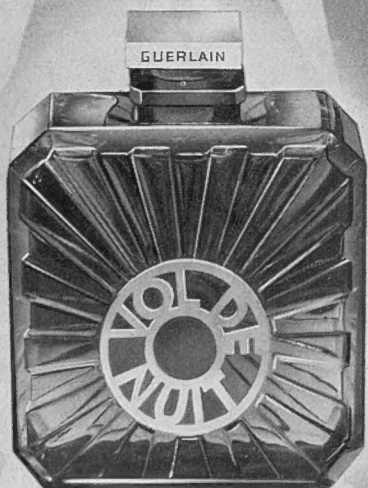
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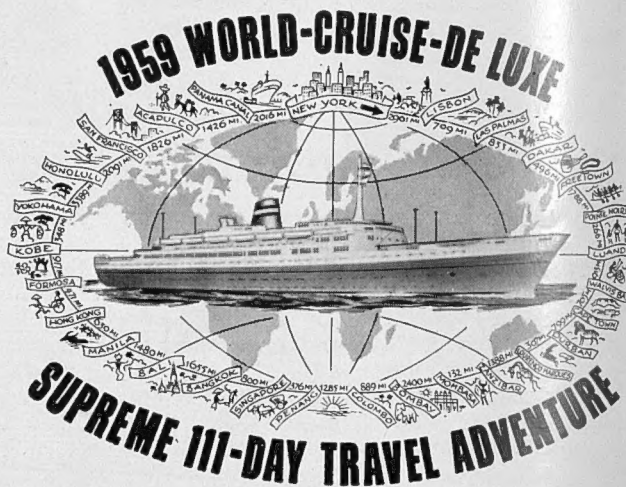
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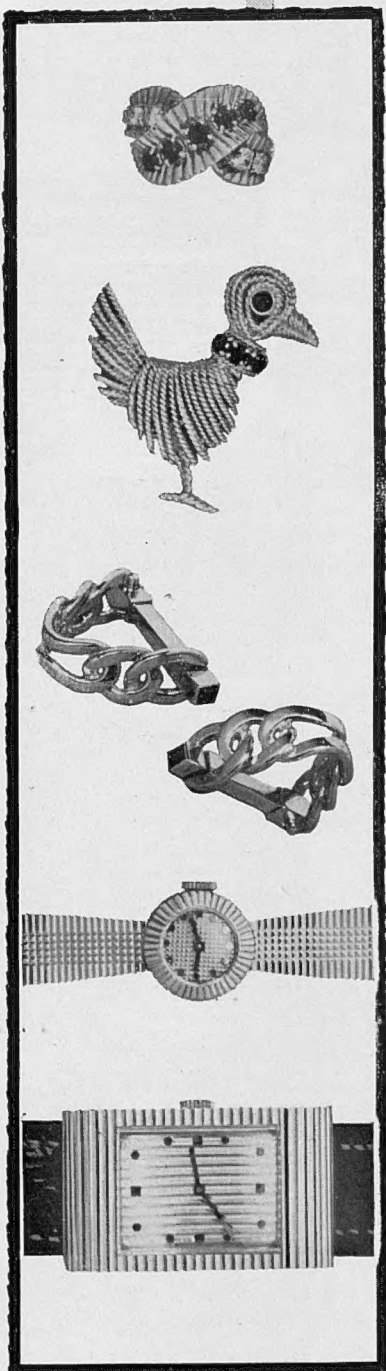
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19½ gns.



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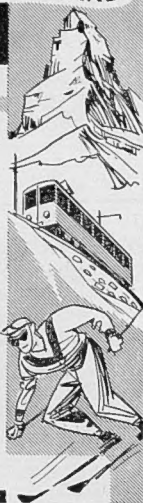
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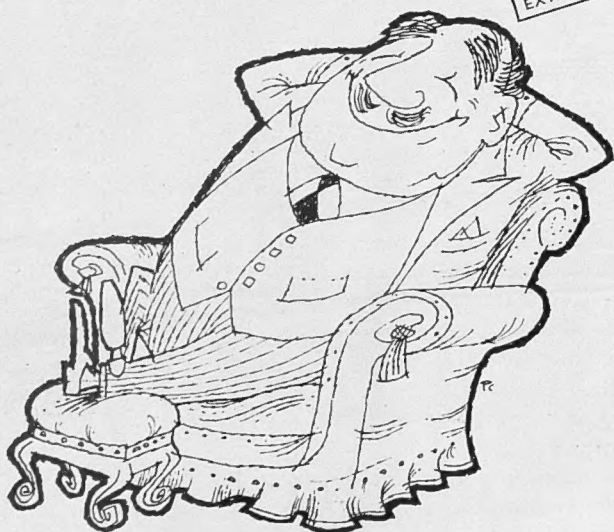
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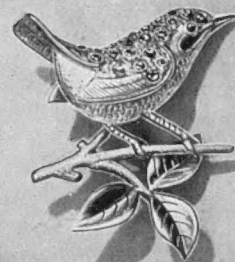
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This illustration shows the Tweed Argyle
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Tweed Jackets can also be supplied
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Plain Shoes and Kilt Pin.



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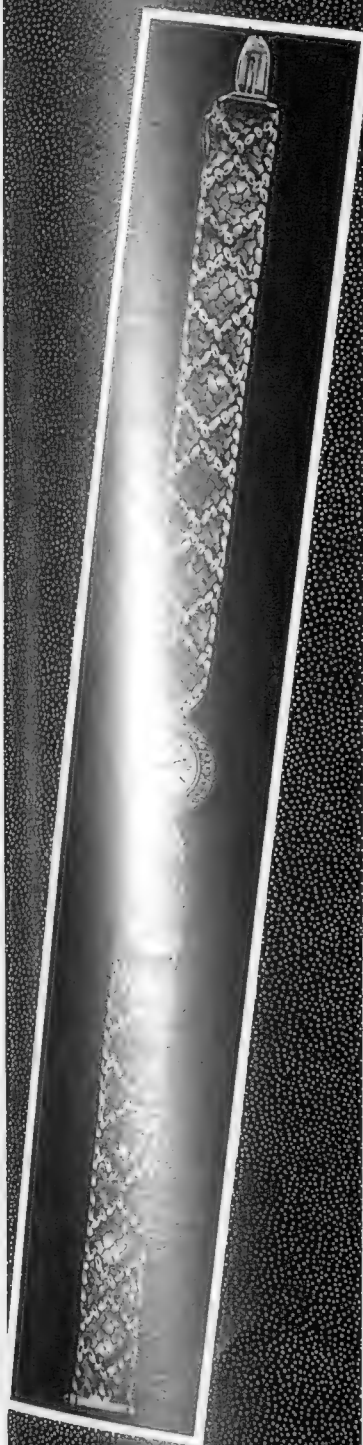


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When their appetites are keen—
Are you with me, Mr. Peck?
Absolutely, Mr. Freen!

We must give them lovely Cheeselets
Twiglets *must* be on the scene—
Do you get me, Mr. Peck?
You've said a mouthful, Mr. Freen!

With Assorted Cocktail Biscuits
All our guests will be serene—
What a party, Mr. Peck!
What an orgy, Mr. Freen!



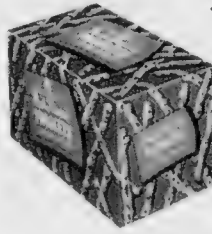
All hostesses know that a party
isn't really complete without
Twiglets and Cheeselets.
Delicious, savoury Twiglets;
Cheeselets made from matured
English Cheddar. And now, with their
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Biscuits in the new small pack. It's
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FAMOUS COCKTAIL BISCUITS

SWISS
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TWO-PIECE
with delicate
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£14. 18. 9—
36" - 42"

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in with Orchid,
Sky, Tobacco,
Apple Green,
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WHERE to go... WHAT to see

Planning your programme

BY ANDREW HALL

NOVEMBER is for most of us an "inside" month; fog, frost, floods, 'flu and too fresh winds only endear the time of year to a minority of hardy sportsmen. I suspect that the common cold would suffer a severe setback if these enthusiasts delayed their sporting activities until December, which is often a fairly mild month and far better for hunting, and stopped breathing their November ailments over wiser folk, like myself, who prefer to keep out of harm's way by staying at home to watch the telly!

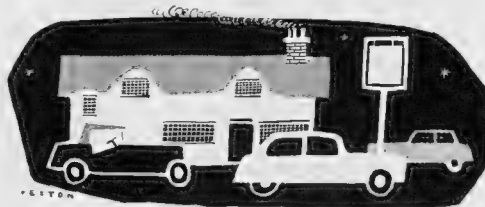
This is an ideal chance for you other "insiders" to brush up your art. You have precisely two days left to visit the American Embassy Art Show which has come direct to us from the American Pavilion at the Brussels International Exhibition, but a little longer to see Michael Ayrton's "Greek Suite" at the St. George's Gallery, 7 Cork Street, W.1. Mr. Ayrton was art director of Basil Wright's film of Greece, *The Immortal Land*, now running at the Academy Cinema (Elspeth Grant reviewed it—29 October).

For those in search of music, the Royal Society of British Artists is

holding a series of lunchtime concerts on the four Wednesdays during its Winter Exhibition (15 November–13 December). Admission and refreshments are at extremely moderate charges.

The Apollo Society's varied and lively series continues in the Recital Room of the Royal Festival Hall on 30 November—7.45 p.m. The readers will be Joyce Grenfell and

John Betjeman and the poetry is to be interlaced by piano duets from Viola Tunnard and Martin Penny. In the Ceremonial Foyer of the hall there is an exhibition of photographs of Sir Vivian Fuchs's Trans-Antarctic Expedition, with equipment and diagrams, and in the Promenade showcases there are illustrations of Britain's contributions to the Geophysical Year.



THE TATLER TEAM TIPS

(from recent contributions):

Endorsed eating

BY ISAAC BICKERSTAFF

The Bridge Hotel, Clayhithe, Cambridge. "Anything from scampi to chicken. A long wine list. You can sit and fish from their garden (in season, of course) and have your pint brought to the water's edge."

The Mandeville Hotel, Mandeville

Place, off Wigmore Street. "The wine list is comprehensive and reasonable in price... an oyster bar and three others... a little too small to cope with lunchtime business crowds, so book your table."

Praised plays

BY ANTHONY COOKMAN

Breath Of Spring (Duke of York's

Theatre). "Pleasantly non-sensical relaxation... inventive and genuinely funny parlour game of mixed-up old dears. Miss Athene Seyler and Mr. Michael Shepley star."

Expresso Bongo (Saville Theatre).

"Makes precious few concessions to the popular notion of a British musical. The authors make a neat job... plenty of hard wit... first-rate lyrics... and Mr. Paul Scofield making his first appearance on the light musical stage."

Fancied films

BY ELSPETH GRANT

The Barbarian And The Geisha.

"Miss Eiko Ando is exquisitely graceful as the geisha who adorns Mr. John Wayne's household—and there is a splendid performance from Mr. So Yamamura as a strongly isolationist samurai. The costumes are staggeringly rich and beautiful, the rigidly formalized movements and ritual ceremonies have a quite extraordinary charm."

Sea Of Sand. "A rewarding experience... admirably directed... outstandingly good... excellently played by Messrs. Michael Craig, Richard Attenborough and John Gregson. It is burningly realistic. See it."



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Hips 36 to 42: 19½ gns
Hips 44: 20½ gns

Classic gown with the **Debenham** touch



The TATLER

& BYSTANDER

Vol. CCXXII No. 2993

19 November 1958

TWO SHILLINGS



Ida Kar

PERSONALITY

Sari missionary

PRINCESS SHAKUNTULA SHARMA—her title is Indian and her home Bombay—arrived in London two months ago with 300 saris and the avowed intention of making Western women sari-conscious. Her plan is to introduce a “sari line” as the basis of evening gowns. Saris, she explains, are as warm as any other clothing—it simply depends on the fabrics of which they are made.

For her own designs local materials will be used—wool and jersey-knit for example—so that the wearer can achieve oriental elegance without sacrifice to the rigours of a climate all too occidental. These designs will be launched in two shows planned for Paris and London shortly before

the Princess’s return to India in January.

A complementary flair of hers is floral design. The Princess makes hats from flowers and hopes to popularize that idea as well. In the picture the sprays in her hair emphasize the glowing gold embroidery on her black sari.

Princess Sharma, who is 23, was a student at Bombay’s Government Law College and has continued her studies here, turning them to good account in a recent television programme when she won £500 for answering questions on criminal law.

The money will be spent on air and liner tickets. “I love to travel,” says Princess Sharma.



Erne—Roberts: Miss Camilla Roberts, elder daughter of the late Mr. Owen Roberts, & of Mrs. Roberts, Groom Place, Belgrave Square, London, S.W., married the Earl of Erne, son of the fifth Earl & Lady Davidema Woodhouse, Cavendish Avenue, St. John's Wood, at St. Peter's Church, Eaton Square



Ramsay Willis—Mobbs: Miss Audrey Jean Mobbs, daughter of Mr. & Mrs. Graily Mobbs, Great Billing, married Mr. Michael J. Ramsay Willis, son of Mr. J. R. Willis, Q.C., and of Mrs. A. McNair, Cadogan Gardens, London, at St. Andrew's, Great Billing



Aykroyd—Beamish: Miss Lydia Huldine Beamish, younger daughter of Mr. & Mrs. R. Beamish, Melbury Road, Kensington, married Mr. David P. Aykroyd, youngest son of Col. & Mrs. G. H. Aykroyd, The Priory, Nur Monkton, York, at St. Paul's, Knightsbridge



Hardwick—Allan-Smith: Miss Penelope Allan-Smith, daughter of Mr. & Mrs. Neville Allan-Smith, Chester Square, married Mr. Anthony Hardwick, son of Dr. & Mrs. R. H. Hardwick, Uplands, Headcorn, Kent, at St. Michael's Church, Chester Square



McCulloch—Jacob: Miss Ann Jacob, younger daughter of Mr. & Mrs. Norman Jacob, Chipstead, Surrey, married Mr. Maxwell Forbes McCulloch, younger son of Mr. & Mrs. L. F. McCulloch, Grimsby Lincs, at St. Margaret's, Chipstead



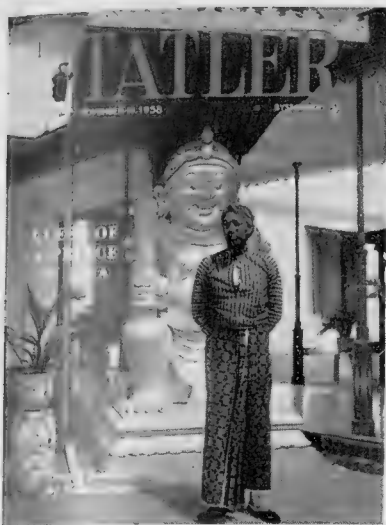
Phillips—Morrison: Miss Wendy Morrison, daughter of Mr. & Mrs. Albert A. Morrison, Craiglea, Sharmans Cross Road, Solihull, married Mr. Peter James Phillips, son of Mr. & Mrs. J. W. Phillips, Warwick Road, Solihull, at the Parish Church of St. Alphage, Solihull



Bickerton—Hughes: Miss Delia Ann Medwyn Hughes, daughter of Dr. & Mrs. Trevor Hughes, The Manor House, Ruthin, married Mr. Thomas Bruce Bickerton, younger son of Mr. & the late Mrs. H. R. Bickerton, Pentre Coch Manor, near Ruthin, at St. Peter's, Ruthin

Napier & Ettrick—Pearson: Miss Delia Mary Pearson, daughter of Mr. & Mrs. A. D. B. Pearson, Upper Sattenham, Milford, Surrey, married Captain Lord Napier & Ettrick, Scots Guards, son of the late Lord Napier & Ettrick, and of Lady Napier & Ettrick, Glenfar House, Dron, Perthshire, at St. Margaret's Church, Westminster





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PRINCE PRABUNINGRAT posed for Nina Epton's camera outside the palace of his brother, the Sultan of Jogjakarta. The image is of a Raksa—a local guardian spirit. On pages 454-5 Miss Epton describes her visit to western Java and the "Enchanted Bay." Also: The charming Suffolk town, Lavenham (a medieval survival), is in the news. Pictures on pages 457-9 tell the story. The paintings of Claude Rogers are discussed and illustrated on pages 460-1



NEW M.P.'S FAMILY: Shown at Adders Moss, their home at Alderley Edge, Cheshire, are Mr. Basil Ziani de Ferranti, his wife Sara and their son Jonathan. Mrs. de Ferranti was formerly Miss Sara Gore, daughter of Lady Barbara Gore. Her husband, a director of the Ferranti electrical concern, has just been elected M.P. for Morecambe & Lonsdale. He is the son of Sir Vincent (Ziani) de Ferranti

SOCIAL JOURNAL

The Earl's guests gather where the '20s danced

by JENNIFER

The bid to revive the wig

IN NEXT WEEK'S ISSUE: Will women submit to fashion's latest plans for their hair? Doone Beal will describe how readily they have submitted to outlandish headgear in the past. Also: Inside Roedean—pictures of the famous school with the girls at work and play. Roundabout will be contributed by Brig. J. Davidson-Houston, lately back from Moscow



THE TATLER
& Bystander
INGRAM HOUSE
195-198 STRAND
LONDON, W.C.2

Postage: Inland, 4d. Canada, 1½d. Foreign, 5½d. Registered as a newspaper for transmission in the United Kingdom. Subscription Rates: Great Britain and Eire: Twelve months (including Christmas number), £6 5s. 6d. Six months (including Christmas number), £3 5s.; (without Christmas number), £3 1s. Three months (no extras), £1 10s. 6d. Corresponding rates for Canada: £5 15s., £2 19s., £1 15s., £1 7s. 6d. U.S.A. (dollars): 18.50, 9.50, 9.0, 4.50. Elsewhere abroad: £6 12s., £3 8s., £3 4s., £1 12s.

ONE of the prettiest weddings I have ever attended was that of the Earl of Erne to Miss Camilla Roberts, at St. Peter's, Eaton Square. He is the only son of the late Earl of Erne & Lady Davina Woodhouse and the bride is the daughter of the late W/Cdr. Owen Roberts & Mrs. Roberts. The Bishop of Portsmouth officiated assisted by the Rev. W. A. Simmonds. The bride, who was given away by her cousin Lord Farnham, wore a beautiful white satin dress (designed for her by Belinda Bellville) with a tulle veil held in place by a diamond tiara. Her colour scheme was pink. (Picture opposite.)

Roses, carnations, chrysanthemums and lilies of this colour decorated the church and her retinue wore a beautiful shade of pink too. First came four child bridesmaids, Emma Woodhouse, half-sister of the bridegroom, Sabrina Wardell his niece, Julie Remington-Hobbs cousin of the bride and Amanda Straight. They all looked enchanting in long full-skirted dresses of pink organza and headdresses of pink rose buds. They were followed by eight exceptionally pretty older bridesmaids headed by the bride's younger sister Miss Lucinda Roberts walking alone, then her cousin the Hon. Sheelin Maxwell, the Hon. Diana Herbert, Miss Cecilia Weikersheim, Miss Jennifer MacKinnon, Miss Anne Doughty-Tichborne, Miss June Ducas and Miss Caroline Beckford. They wore becoming dresses of pale pink shot with burnished copper thread which glowed softly in the late afternoon light; on their heads were coronets to match and they carried crescent bouquets to tone.

Park Lane reception

The reception was held at 45 Park Lane, scene of many gracious parties in the twenties and thirties when it was the home of the late Sir Philip Sassoon. Here again exquisite vases of pink flowers decorated the marble entrance hall, double staircase and first floor suite of reception rooms, which were soon filled with friends and relations.

The bride's mother Mrs. Owen Roberts, attractive in a platinum silk suit and pink feather cap and blue fox stole, received the guests with Lady Davina Woodhouse and the bridegroom's stepfather the Hon. Christopher Woodhouse (who has been adopted as prospective Conservative candidate for Oxford). Among those who came to wish the young couple happiness were the bride's grandmother Mrs. Marshall Roberts, her aunts Lady Harvey with Sir Vere Harvey, M.P., and Mrs. Franklyn with Brig. Geoffrey Franklyn, and her cousin the Hon. Simon Maxwell.

The bridegroom's grandmother Pamela Countess of Lytton was there; also his sisters Baroness Raben-Levetzau with Baron Raben-Levetzau and Lady Antonia Wardell over from Ireland with her husband Mr. Timothy Wardell, their two-year-old son Michael and four-year-old Sabrina who was a bridesmaid. The bridegroom's half-brothers, thirteen-year-old Christopher Woodhouse and ten-year-old Nicholas Woodhouse, were efficient ushers in the church, with the bridegroom's cousin the Marquess of Hamilton and a number of his friends.

Other People's Babies



Rex Coleman

ELISABETH-ANN (two years) and MALCOLM (one), children of Mr. & Mrs. J. McGougan, Ashley Park Road, Walton-on-Thames



Yevonde

CHARLOTTE (four), eldest daughter of Mr. & Mrs. Angus Stewart, Bedford Gardens, W.8



Betty Swaabe

THE HON. DAVID HICKS-BEACH (three), VISCOUNT QUENINGTON (eight) and the HON. PETER HICKS-BEACH (six), sons of the Earl & Countess St. Aldwyn

An aunt was in Singapore

Among other relations the Duchess of Abercorn and Lady Moyra Hamilton were present, also the Earl & Countess of Lytton, Mrs. Arthur Crichton, the Hon. Mrs. Mark Milbank and her mother Lady Farnham, Mr. David Cobbold who was best man, his father Mr. Cameron Cobbold, Governor of the Bank of England, whose wife Lady Hermione Cobbold (the bridegroom's aunt) missed the wedding as she was in Singapore for a grandchild's christening, the Hon. David & Mrs. Woodhouse and their attractive teenage daughter Lavinia, and & Mr. Mrs. Remington-Hobbs.

Also at the wedding I saw the Earl & Countess of Halifax and their daughter the Countess of Feversham, Viscountess Waverley, the Marchioness of Dufferin & Ava, Princess Weikersheim, Countess Cadogan, her son Viscount Chelsea who is now working in the City, the young Earl of Suffolk who is taking a keen and practical interest in farming his large estate, the young Marquess & Marchioness of Hertford (he also farms hard in Warwickshire), the Hon. William & Mrs. Rolfe and Lady Cory-Wright and her youngest son Mark, whose wife recently gave birth to a son and heir (not a daughter as I mentioned recently).

Mrs. Duncan Mackinnon joint-Master of the Heythrop Hunt—her daughter was one of the bridesmaids—was there, also Mr. Whitney & Lady Daphne Straight whose six-year-old daughter Amanda was a bridesmaid, Mr. & Mrs. Ronald Callender, Mrs. Edward Barford, Mrs. Antony Norman, her sister-in-law Mrs. Aubrey Burke with Miss Miranda Burke, and Mrs. Thomas Dunne up from her home in Warwickshire; her husband who is in the Blues is still out in Cyprus.

Others included Mrs. Michael Cory-Wright whose daughter Miss Diana Gunnis is marrying Lord Farnham, Lady McCorquodale and her younger daughter Prue, Major & Mrs. Peter Williams, Mrs. Anthony Acton, Lady Herbert, Viscountess Gage, Lady Margaret Tangye, Mr. Peter Tunnard (recovering well from his bad motor accident in July), Capt. & Mrs. Trevor Dawson, Mr. & Mrs. John Bardsley, just back from their honeymoon, Mrs. Christopher Philipson, Mr. & Mrs. Robin Stormonth-Darling, Miss Elizabeth Heald, the Hon. John Denison-Pender, the Hon. Janet Hamilton, Mr. Donald Marr and Mr. Lionel Stopford Sackville.

A town hall festivity

The Gay Boltons Ball in the Chelsea Town Hall was a high-spirited affair. The town hall had been cleverly decorated for the occasion and there were about 600 guests. The ball was to raise funds for the organ at St. Mary's the Boltons, and passed the target of £500 by nearly £200. This was largely due to the untiring efforts of Lady Hargreaves the chairman, Mrs. Douglas Fairbanks the vice-chairman, and Lady Hargreaves's daughter Miss Sandra Johnson who was chairman of the young committee with Miss Felicity Howard-Smith as her vice-chairman.

Guests were received by Miss Henrietta Marsden Smedley who told me she was deputizing for her mother, who is Mayoress of Chelsea, the Vicar of St. Mary's the Boltons, Lady Hargreaves and Mr. & Mrs. Douglas Fairbanks. I found Mrs. Taft busy looking after the tombola and other committee members present included Lady Nott-Bower, Mrs. Julian Ridsdale escorted by her husband, who is M.P. for the Harwich division of Essex, Mrs. C. F. Ryder, Mrs. William Harries, Mrs. Ralph Snagge, Mrs. Goldson who gave a Wetherall suit to the tombola which was won early in the evening, Mrs. Burness and Mrs. Ronald Holmes whose husband gave a guitar which was auctioned during the evening.

Among those supporting this good effort were Mr. Burness, Mr. & Mrs. Bill Tucker, Lord & Lady Swinfen, Mr. & Mrs. Hubert Raphael, Viscount Boyle, Miss Nell Villiers and her brother Mr. Lewis Villiers (he leads a busy life as a Queen's Messenger), Mr. James Owen, Mr. Paul Miller, Miss Deborah Gillingham, a member of the church's Under-Thirties Club, Miss Diane Kirk, Mr. "Obbie" Waller, and Miss Jennifer Burness.

Diamonds helped playgrounds

Prince Philip attended the opening of an exhibition of superb jewels designed and made by Cartiers at their elegant London home in Bond Street. It was arranged in aid of the National Playing Fields Association (of which Prince Philip is president) and was on display for three evenings. The N.P.F.A. has done much in this country for recreation. It has provided nearly 2,500 children's playgrounds, nearly 2,000 football pitches, more than 1,300 cricket grounds

[Continued on page 446]



Left: JAN COCHRANE (18) now reading law, studied at the Sorbonne. She plays classical music on the piano, and loves riding (side-saddle). She was presented last March. Her father was the late Sir Ernest C. Cochrane, Bt., and her mother is Mrs. Richard Wainwright (she is Flora Sandstrom, the novelist)



YONITA WARD (20), studying to be a solicitor, takes her intermediate examinations this month. She was presented in March by her cousin Mrs. Alan Noble (wife of the Minister of State for Foreign Affairs). Her father is Mr. Stanley Ward of London

ADIES AT LAW

Studies by BETTY SWAEBE of five
young women who are taking up
careers as barristers or solicitors



KATRIN BERNSTIEL (20) plans to specialize in commercial law or taxation if she passes her bar finals in May. She came out in 1957 and shares a London flat with Miss Gay Lowson. Her parents are Mr. & Mrs. Erwin Bernstiel



ROBINA LUND (22) is a member of the Worshipful Company of Solicitors of the City of London and a Liveryman of the City of London Company. She was long undecided whether to become a concert pianist. Her father is Sir Thomas Lund, secretary of the Law Society



GAY FOSTER (18) is the daughter of a Q.C., Mr. Peter Foster, and plans to follow the same career. She was presented in March this year but her coming-out dance had to be postponed because of a motoring accident. It will be held next month. She was at school in Paris and likes ballet and music. Her parents live in London and at Frinton

and pitches, and more than 1,600 tennis courts, as well as netball courts, hockey and lacrosse pitches, bowling and putting greens, and running tracks; but it needs money to continue the good work.

The opening evening alone of this exhibition, I was told, raised £500. Prince Philip went round the showrooms carefully looking at all the precious exhibits (some of which had been loaned back by their present owners) and he also visited the workrooms where he spent over half an hour watching craftsmen at work setting stones and finishing off designs. He was accompanied by M. Jean Jacques Cartier, the chairman and managing director.

I met Lord Luke, chairman of the N.P.F.A. who was there with Lady Luke, both delighted at the success of the evening, also Sir Nigel & Lady Colman, Lady Marks, M. Harjes Cartier, and the former Nepalese Ambassador in London, General Shanker and the lovely Rani Shanker, who has some exceptionally fine jewels. (*Photographs at the exhibition on page 450.*)

A winter sports send-off

Dr. Leonard Simpson received the guests at a reception to mark the winter sports season at the Simpson Services Club in Piccadilly. Personalities of the ski-ing world I met there included Sir Charles and Lady Taylor; he is chairman of the British Ski-ing Association. His nephew Mr. Peter Kirwan-Taylor a fine skier and his wife, Lady Blane who is off as usual to Villars around Christmas, Miss "Soss" Roe who will be in Gstaad and Mr. Christopher Mackintosh, President of the Downhill Only Ski Club which operates in Wengen were also there.

Mrs. Simpson, chic in black, was helping her husband to entertain the guests, who also included the Irish Ambassador Mr. McCann, an enthusiastic skier, Lord & Lady George Scott whose daughter Georgina is modelling ski-clothes here, Lady Edith Foxwell, Lady de Clifford, Mr. & Mrs. Everard Gates, Capt. Bobby Petre, Mrs. Yvonne Mostyn, Major & Mrs. W. D. Henderson, the Hon. Mrs. John Wills, Col. Gerard Leigh, the Hon. James & Mrs. Tennant, Cdr. & Mrs. Kenneth Kemble, Mr. Peregrine Bertie, Miss Davina Nutting and the Hon. Thomas & Mrs. Hazlerigg.

Goodbye to South Africans

The British Sportsman's Club gave a farewell reception at Over-Seas House for the South African Association Football team. Sir Jocelyn Lucas, M.P., the chairman (who had previously entertained the team to lunch in the House of Commons) received the guests with Sir Wavell Wakefield, M.P., and Lady Wakefield.

This was a true gathering of sportsmen. Motor racing was represented by Earl Howe who had a long talk with the guests of honour, Mr. Mike Hawthorn this year's champion driver, Mr. Stirling Moss his runner-up, only beaten by one point, Mr. Roy Salvadori and Mr. Duncan Hamilton. The horse world was well represented

LADY JOSEPH: A picture of Lady Violet Joseph in our issue of 5 November was wrongly described as being of Lady Joseph, wife of Sir Keith Joseph, M.P. The TATLER regrets this error and offers apologies to both ladies.



DIPLOMATIC PARTY: The Belgian Ambassador and his wife (M. & Mme. Van Meerbeke) were among the guests at the diplomatic reception given by the Queen at Buckingham Palace. This picture was taken shortly beforehand

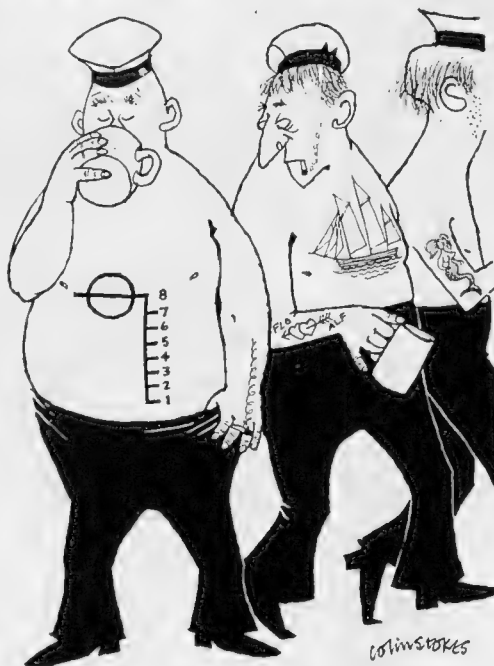
by Miss Pat Smythe wearing an attractive Spanish shawl (like the motor racing heroes she was besieged for autographs), Sir Dymoke White and Mr. Sanders Watney, chairman and vice-chairman of the Coaching Club.

Mr. F. G. Mann the cricketer, who married a South African, was there, and yachtsmen Cdr. Graham Mann and Lt.-Cdr. Brooks. Mr. Roger Wethered a member of the Sportsman's Club committee, and the brilliant young players Mr. & Mrs. M. F. Bonallack and Lt.-Col. Duncan, represented the golfing world. During the reception Sir Jocelyn Lucas read a telegram of good wishes from the club's president Prince Philip.

New Year gaiety forecast

Already Charity Balls are being arranged for the New Year. The first one I have heard

STOKES JOKES



of is the Twelfth Night at the Dorchester on 6 January. It is to raise funds for the Adoption Committee for Aid to Displaced Persons, whose aim is to help those non-German victims of war still in West Germany. Lady Jean Mackenzie, chairman of the ball, is doing all the organization from her flat to keep down expenses, with the help of several friends. Among others working hard for a successful evening is Lady Harding, wife of Field-Marshal Sir John Harding. She was the first chairman of the adoption committee and will act as hostess at the ball. Mr. Edward Seago and Mr. James Gunn have given pictures to be raffled and Mr. Edward Halliday a blank canvas, on which he will paint a portrait of the winner. There will also be a cabaret and sideshows. Tickets, price £2 10s., from Lady Jean Mackenzie, 6 Rupert House, 56 Neveon Square, S.W.5.

The Boy Friend's 2,000th date

Lady Dalrymple-Champneys is chairman of a committee arranging the Gala Royal presentation of the 2,000th performance of *The Boy Friend* on 26 November at Wyndham's Theatre. The Duchess of Gloucester has promised to be present and the proceeds of the evening are in aid of the Sir Oswald Stoll Foundation. This Foundation helps to house a colony of disabled soldiers, sailors and airmen of both world wars in inexpensive dwellings and to provide them, on the spot, with free specialized treatment after leaving hospital. Tickets (which range in price from half a guinea to ten guineas) from Lady Dalrymple-Champneys, 59 Stanhope Gardens, S.W.7.

On 21 and 22 November the sixth Scottish Gathering and Sale in aid of the Royal Caledonian Schools takes place in the Drill Hall of the London Scottish, 59 Buckingham Gate, S.W.1. It will be opened on the first day at 3 p.m. by the Countess of Erroll and on the following day at 11.30 a.m. by Lady Morton of Henryton. This is always a good place to do Christmas shopping as the quality of the goods for sale in previous years has been outstanding.

The Hon. Mrs. Robin Warrender is chairman of the committee arranging the Christmas Cracker Bazaar. This takes place on Wednesday and Thursday 26 and 27 November at 45 Park Lane. Among stallholders is Countess Attlee who, with Mrs. Henry Freedman, has a stall for blouses, underwear and leather. Mrs. Leopold Lonsdale and Lady Helen Smith are running the produce and provision stall, Lady Evans-Bevan and Lady Stratheona & Mount Royal have the variety stall, and the chairman & Mrs. Roy Hudson are in charge of toys. On the second day there is also a bridge afternoon at 2 gns. a table. This and the bazaar are being run to raise funds for the National Association of Mixed Clubs and Girls Clubs.

The Doyen goes

It is always sad when one's friends in the Diplomatic Corps leave. A couple who will be much missed in London are the retiring Norwegian Ambassador and Mme. Preben-sen. He is a member of a Norwegian shipping family, and fulfilled appointments in Antwerp, Montreal and Moscow as well as in the

(Continued on page 448)

Midnight hula hoops

AT THE FIREWORKS
BALL HELD AT THE
SAVOY TO RAISE
MONEY FOR A NEW
YOUTH CENTRE

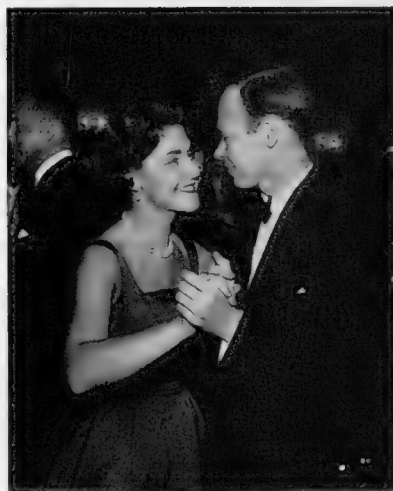


The Fireworks Ball at the Savoy Hotel helped the Pedro Street Settlement, which provides clubs for young people. Left: Miss Barbara Dent. She won the hula-hoop competition at the ball

The Marquess of Salisbury (the late Marchioness helped to found the settlement) and Nancy Viscountess Astor



Mr. Denis Mountain was the winner of the hula-hoop competition for men



The Earl & Countess of Guilford. They live at Waldershare Park



Princess & Prince Tomislav of Yugoslavia with the Hon. Mrs. George Martin



Desmond O'Neill

Mr. Nicholas Eden with Viscountess Cranborne, daughter-in-law of the Marquess of Salisbury



Mr. Ewen Fergusson and Miss Davina Bowes-Lyon (as secretary she helped organize the ball)



Mr. John Eccles with Miss Polly Eccles (a joint chairman of the young committee)

Norwegian Foreign Office before being appointed to London in 1946. He became Doyen of the Corps here three years ago. Mme. Prebensen, quiet and elegant, has always filled her rôle of Ambassadress with dignity, and their charming Embassy in Palace Green has been the scene of many delightful parties. M. Prebensen has been appointed Norway's Ambassador to Italy and when in the near future they leave for Rome, the good wishes of hundreds of friends here will go with them.

To say goodbye the Prebensens gave three farewell receptions at the Embassy, at which their daughter Evie was also a charming young hostess. The first two were on consecutive evenings when their guests included many members of the Diplomatic Corps and members of both Houses of Parliament. Lady Dorothy Macmillan came along to say goodbye and others included Mr. Selwyn Lloyd, Sir David Eccles, Mr. Alan Lennox-Boyd, Mr. Clement Davies, Countess Attlee, Mr. Gaitskell and H.E. the Apostolic Delegate. Sir Frederick Hoyer-Miller was there with his charming wife talking to Countess Jellicoe and Lord Plunket.

The Lord Mayor was a guest

Other members of the Royal Household were Major Mark Milbanke and Sir Norman Gwatkin, who were chatting with Sir Frederick Handley Page. The Marquess of Reading was there, also Helen Duchess of Northumberland, Lord & Lady Monekton, the Marquis & Marquise de Miramon, the Brazilian Minister-Counsellor Senhor Castello Branco and his beautiful wife, Sir Stevenson Runciman, and Sir Donald & the Hon. Lady Gainer.

The Lord Mayor came to the second party, as did Sir Gilbert Laithwaite, Count & Countess Czernin, Sir Roger & Lady Stevens—he is at the Foreign Office and was formerly Ambassador in Sweden and Persia—Count & Countess Pejaevich, and Mr. Philip James of the Arts Council. I also met the Danish Ambassador, Lord & Lady Dunboyne, Lady Dashwood, her daughter Lady Aberdare wearing one of the fashionable white feather wigs, the Dowager Lady Swaythling and Mrs. Carr with her younger daughter Countess Ferrers, whom one seldom sees in London as her young family of four and her home in Norfolk, keep her fully occupied.



LADY
CAYLEY

says:

*I'm starting
early this
year!*

Her amusing article on festive preparations is one of the many lively contributions to the Christmas Number of *The Tatler*, now on sale, price 3s. 6d. Order now for sending overseas—4s. including postage (or \$1.25 for U.S. and Canada), plus a greetings card sent by *The Tatler* to say that the gift comes from you.



The Enfield Chase opening meet was held at Woolmer Park (shown in the background as part of the field sets) of home of Mr. & Mrs. L. A. Lucas (they rode with the hunt).

THE HUNT

THE OPENING MEET OF

The Beaufort

AT NEWNTON LODGE



Mr. David Somerset with his wife Lady Caroline Somerset. She is the daughter of the Marquess of Bath.



THE OPENING MEET OF

The Enfield Chace

AT WOOLMER'S PARK

Mr. John Lucas and Miss Ann Lucas. The meet took place at their parents' home in Hertfordshire. Their father runs Woolmer's Park Polo Club



Mr. J. A. Taylor (a company director) was attending his 21st opening meet with the hunt. With him was his young grandson, John Pyrgoss

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Mr. D. A. Mahoney, a chartered accountant



Miss Judy Gilmer was one of the teenage followers of the hunt

Desmond O'Neill

MO E OFF



The Beaufort Hounds arrive for the meet. The joint-Master and huntsman, Major G. A. Gundry is in the centre of the pack

The Duchess of Beaufort with Major H. R. Allsopp



Above, left: W/Cdr. R. Grant-Ferris. He is a Member of Parliament and a farmer. Left: Col. H. Brassey, commanding officer Royal Wilts Yeomanry and a polo player



Mrs. A. Morris. She is secretary of the recently formed Hunt Supporters' Club

Mrs. Frank Coven and Mrs. Roma Fairley, the author, whose new book, *The Small Screen*, is being published soon



Mrs. David Greig with Lady (Noel) Curtis Bennett whose husband founded the National Playing Fields Association



Sir Robert & Lady Hobart. He is associated with the House of Fraser

Miss Beryl Heim and Miss Heather Mason. They are pupils at the John Douglas Finishing School. The jewel exhibition by Cartier's helped the National Playing Fields Association



Left: Mr. Graham D. Llewellyn of Sotheby's and Mrs. C. Dresner. Above: Mrs. W. Redford and Mr. E. Schwaiger

SHOW

A jewellery exhibition for charity was held at Cartier's

SHOP

Bumpus, the booksellers, gave the party to open their new shop at 6 Baker Street. Extreme left: Mr. H. E. Bates and Mr. J. G. Wilson (chairman of Bumpus). Second from left: Mr. E. M. Forster and Mr. John Morris.

Third from left: Lady Cynthia Colville with Col. Jocelyn Gibbs (managing director of Geoffrey Bles and a director of Bumpus). Right: Mr. Frank Swinnerton with Mr. R. Hart-Davis (of Rupert Hart-Davis, Ltd., publishers)

Cocktails celebrate the opening of a new H.Q. for Messrs. Bumpus

Van Hallar





Lady Dorothy Macmillan (wife of the Prime Minister) giving the Fair a send-off

Mrs. C. P. Tremlett (chairman of the West Country & Southern Area) and Miss J. Dodds



Countess Attlee studies the wares at the stall of Mrs. Gilbert Longland

FAIR

*Christmas gifts were sold at
a fair held at Quaglino's
in aid of the Y.W.C.A.*

Lady Dorothy Macmillan opened it



Mrs. Shaneen Butt. She is the wife of the Pakistan press attaché in London

Mme. G. St. Seferiades (the Greek Ambassador's wife), the Hon. Isabel Catto (daughter of Lord Catto and president of the World Y.W.C.A.) and Miss Malakul, daughter of the Thailand Ambassador



Mrs. Humphrey Atkins (chairman of the Fair), Mrs. Brewster Morris and Mrs. John Hay Whitney (wife of the U.S. Ambassador)



Mrs. J. Palmer at the Treasure Chest which was run by Miss Julie Stratford and Miss Deirdre Senior (the president of the stall)



Desmond O'Neill



Stephanie

DÉBUT—1 Miss Grace Wilkinson, of Southport, who won the Queen's Prize for Pianoforte in July makes her début as a concert pianist at the Wigmore Hall on Monday. The prize, which is the highest distinction in this country, is awarded every five years. Miss Wilkinson, who is 21, played at her first concert as a child of four and gained the L.R.A.M. and A.R.C.M. diplomas at 14. She was for five years a student at the Royal Academy of Music



DÉBUT—2 The new Chief Justice of Bermuda, Sir Arthur Newnham Worley, walks with Lady Worley to the Legislative Council Chamber for the reconvening of the Colonial Parliament, his full wig and robes making a vivid contrast with the colourful lightweight clothing worn by the onlookers. Sir Arthur, former President of the East African Court of Appeal, succeeded Sir Joseph Trounsell to the office of Chief Justice of Bermuda



NEWS PORTRAITS



Alan Vines

DEGREE Architecture, for 50 years a recognized subject at Cambridge University, is to have an honours degree status for the first time. Sir Leslie Martin (*above*), Professor of Architecture in the university, will be responsible for the new course. Until 1956 he was head of the L.C.C.'s architectural department and responsible for many modern school buildings. He was the architect of the Royal Festival Hall in partnership with Robert Matthews

The enchanted bay

NINA EPTON describes an episode during a visit to the East Indies. There the Sultan of Jogjakarta's brother showed her a sacred cave (*opposite*) where native musicians hymn a goddess



GLIMPSES OF JAVA: *The air-conditioned Hotel des Indes in the capital, Djakarta (above). Top: Women of Western Java. Right: A silversmith works native designs. Above, right: 8th-9th century temple, one of a group*

EARLY EVERY AFTERNOON great clouds, scrolled like the background of Chinese screens, piled up over the palace gardens. The frangipanni blossom trembled at the approach of yet another thunderstorm. The prince watched the warm rods of rain, thick as bamboo shoots, with Javanese impassiveness, but the royal peacocks shrieked with anger under the banyan trees. Even after the storm had passed, the atmosphere was sullen and stifling. "There must be a beach where it is cooler . . . where can one bathe?" I asked petulantly. Jogjakarta is only six miles from the Indian Ocean. "Bathe?" the prince repeated gently but wonderingly.

None of the 2,000 inhabitants of the palace ever seemed to want to leave the green and gold pavilions, flowered courtyards and uneventful flow of existence. (The present Sultan's father had 29 children and his grandfather even more; their descendants and retainers are all lodged in varying degrees of comfort within the square mile of the palace precincts.)

"Next week," the prince assured me, "there will be a procession down to the sea. We shall have transport and that will be a good opportunity to explore the coast. There are many bays—you will be able to choose one in which to bathe."

Transport was a problem. The entire palace population had only two cars and a jeep. There was no public transport to the enticing bays of the west coast except for one overworked and unreliable bus that took market passengers as far as a ferry at the edge of a broad, brown river. On the opposite side barefoot cyclists offered transport on their pillions to the beach of Parangtritis—the only beach frequented by human beings in search of relaxation outside the town.

Most Javanese are still at the early 18th-century stage in their appreciation of natural beauties. One has to admit that nature, in their part of the world, can be terrifying—so terrifying that the German specialist in tropical diseases installed at the brink of the jungle did his best to dissuade me from pushing through it to the coast.

"You do not realize," he exclaimed, "that this is the *jonggel*. It has snakes. Only last week my servant caught a large black one in my garden. And tigers—and malaria mosquitoes. This is not Hyde Park; it is the *jonggel*!" he insisted. That—as I tried to explain—was exactly why I was so eager to go, but he stared at me with the same degree of astonishment as the Javanese prince.

It took us some time to reach the coast. The "*jonggel*" was crossed by a track used mostly by water buffalo, full of pools in which the tender-eyed creatures wallowed up to their necks. They gazed at us in mild surprise but did not panic, as I had heard they often do when confronted by members of the white race. We stopped several times to wait until temporary bridges were hastily built by gay villagers who appeared from behind bamboos, delighted at the unusual spectacle of a jeep in their dense, dull forest.

Apart from these entirely accidental pauses we were socially obliged to stop at every village (a cluster of bamboo shacks on stilts whose inhabitants only just manage to scrape a bare livelihood from the land) to introduce ourselves to the village head or *lura*. The Javanese are a formal people. One *lura* produced a visitor's book for us to sign:



a child copybook with carefully ruled spaces for names, addresses, professions and "object of visit." We were the very first visitors he had received and he was evidently overjoyed at his "big," i.e. a pukka prince from the court of Jogjakarta and a European writer whose presence would no doubt bring fame to his hitherto ignored village. The entire village council bowed reverently over our signatures as if they had been magic good-luck formulae, endowed with talismanic powers. I only wished they had been. Never have I seen poverty concealed under such a dignified façade.

If, alas, there was no magic in our signatures, we found local magic being professionally invoked on the coast where the palace eunuchs had deposited a pyramid of coloured rice cakes on the beach in honour of the goddess of the Indian Ocean, Loro Kidul, who from time to time abandons her own palace beneath the waves to receive the offerings of the faithful. She is said to extend special protection to the Sultan of Jogjakarta, a modern and efficient young man who nevertheless would not dream of neglecting his annual offering to a goddess befriended by so many of his ancestors.

The angry roar of the Indian Ocean could be heard from nearly half a mile away above the squawks of disturbed parakeets that flitted brilliantly from tree to tree animating the sinister shadows of the tropical undergrowth. Now and then a coco-nut fell at our feet or immediately behind us, followed by a delighted chattering of the small grey monkeys that had thrown them at us. Their less playful, white-templed elders were content to part the leaves that screened us from them and thrust a crinkled face between the fronds to observe us philosophically at closer quarters. The sight of us made them

blink unbelievably and screw up their noses like ancient Javanese gentlemen afflicted by a nervous tic.

And then, quite suddenly, we stumbled out of the forest on to bone-white sand and found ourselves in a semi-circular bay, almost enclosed by limestone cliffs hollowed into deep caverns. A high line of surf far out to sea, a black wader with long yellow legs, the regal pyramid left by the palace servants on the shore and, in the distance, issuing from one of the caves, the faint tinkle of a gamelan orchestra playing one of the filigree-subtle tunes that so intrigued and inspired Debussy. The whole place looked and felt orientally enchanted.

The prince gazed at the wavelets that had begun to lap round the foundations of the regal pyramid. Then he began to walk in the direction of the cave music—not without difficulty, because he was wearing the heelless sandals in which he was accustomed to glide across the polished floors of his palace pavilions. They were no more suitable for beach wear than his tight ankle-length sarong and buttoned-up-to-the-neck brocade jacket.

The five men sitting cross-legged beside their instruments at the entrance to the cavern never raised their eyes as we approached. They appeared to be—indeed they

were—in a trance: the one who assumed the rôle of leader was intoning an incantation to Loro Kidul. We paused at the threshold of the cavern to accustom our eyes to the darkness. After a little while I began to discern the wavy outline of tiny figures swaying gently backwards and forwards—wayang shadow puppets manipulated by a master of ceremonies or *dalang*, who was also taking part in the incantations. Behind him a couple of women were carefully arranging a lady's dressing-table complete with mirror, combs, brushes, scent bottles, a box of antimony for eyelashes, rouge and face powder.

The prince touched me lightly on the shoulder and pointed to the section of the beach opposite the gamelan players. There, gleaming in the sunshine, was a carved and gilded replica of the legendary sunbird, Garuda, who carried the god Vishnu on his many travels; this particular Garuda had its wings outstretched towards the Indian Ocean, waiting to be hidden to escort Loro Kidul. The dressing-table had been prepared for her toilette since she might emerge from the waves in a slightly dishevelled state after her long voyage, and this eastern Venus is known to be fastidious about her appearance.

When the incantations were over, the men rose, removed their sarongs and retreated to the back of the cave. I saw then that they wore shorts, that they were young and lithe. We watched them swing themselves up a bamboo-rope ladder and disappear behind a narrow ledge of cliff to the heart of the cave in quest of the swallows' nests which are so highly appreciated and paid for by the Chinese population of Java. I glanced up at the rocks; they looked slippery and dangerous. "The men are full of confidence," said the prince, "they have received Loro Kidul's blessing. There are never any accidents."

TRAVEL TIPS

BY AIR: London to Djakarta. Minimum single fare £217; minimum return £390 12s. Route: Rome, Athens, Cairo, Karachi, Calcutta, Bangkok, Singapore (B.O.A.C., Qantas, Air India—change at Bombay).

BY SEA: Southampton—Djakarta by the Oranje, Nederland Royal Mail Line. Single £131; return £236 (and upwards).



The man from Cook's

SNIPPET SURVEY OF THE WORLD-FAMOUS TRAVEL ORGANIZATION NOW CELEBRATING THE 150TH ANNIVERSARY OF ITS FOUNDER'S BIRTH... COMPILED BY JOHN SALT

Thomas Cook's (and probably the world's) first travel brochure (right) was a 60-page booklet describing points of interest for a rail trip from Leicester, Nottingham and Derby to Liverpool and the North Wales coast.

A glee song was specially written for the trip by J. Bradshaw Walker of Leeds and passengers were given a printed sheet exhorting them to sing it. The date: 1845.

Cook began as a carpenter (his uncle had a wood-carving and cabinet-making business), later went into printing in Leicester. A temperance worker, he arranged for 570 supporters to travel by open rail carriage from Leicester to a meeting in Loughborough. Fare for the round trip: 1s.

The organization that sprang from Cook's temperance outing now arranges travel for more than 5,000,000 clients a year. The firm is now controlled by the British Transport Commission.

In the early years Scottish tours were the backbone of Cook's agency, though no railways ran through England into Scotland. He arranged the journey by train to Fleetwood, by steamer to Ardrossan and by train once more to Glasgow.

Trips to North Wales, the Isle of Man and Ireland came

later, and a few years afterwards he gave up his printing and publishing business to concentrate on the tourist agency.

1851 was a boom year. Cook brought 165,000 people to the Great Exhibition from all parts of Britain. Travellers from Yorkshire to London paid 5s. for the round trip.

After a trip round the world (in 1873) Cook offered a planned world tour for 200 guineas or 1,050 gold dollars. To help publicize it he shipped a Japanese rickshaw to London.

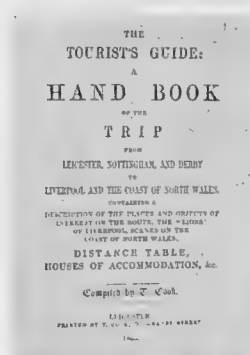
Package tours began in 1867 with the Thomas Cook hotel coupons giving bearers the right to demand accommodation at any hotel in the scheme. By 1890 1,200 hotels were accepting the coupons. Today Cook's book tourists into 7,000 hotels throughout the world.

500 answered his first advertisement for a Swiss tour in 1863. Two years later Cook moved from Great Russell Street to a large building in Fleet Street, and in the same year toured Canada and the Western States.

While his business prospered Thomas Cook remembered Leicester, organizing soup kitchens for the poor and shipments of potatoes from Northamptonshire and Scotland when the local crop failed. His proudest moment was the opening of the Leicester Temperance Hall, a project for which he had worked more than ten years.

During his travels Thomas Cook wrote many articles for *The Times* and for papers in Leicester. He read other people's travel books, interviewed newspapermen on his way and never relaxed his search for fresh places and cheaper ways of getting there.

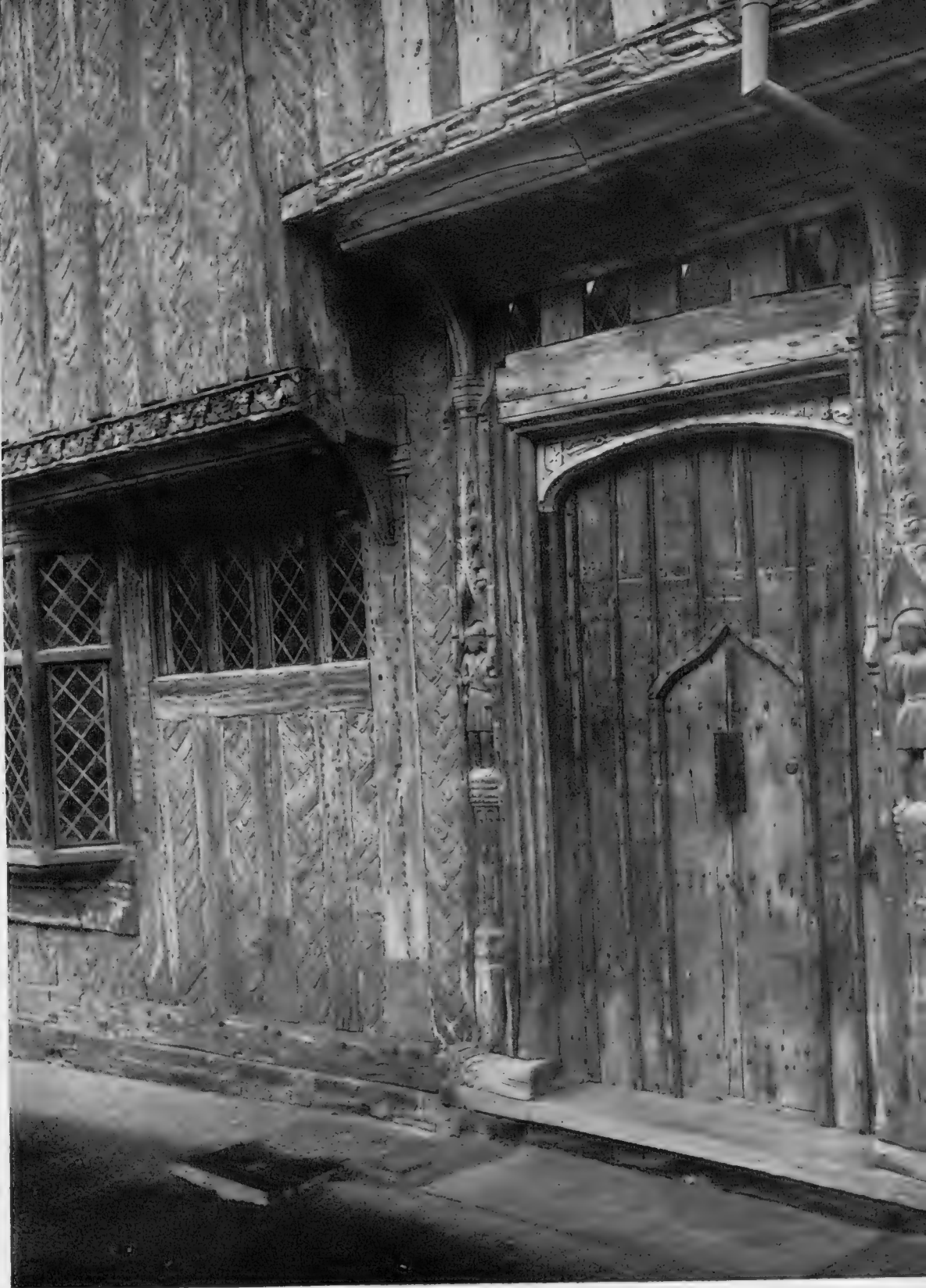
Thomas Cook was born in the Derbyshire village of Melbourne, on November 22, 1808 (see birthplace alongside) the only son of poor parents. He died in 1892 at the age of 84.



BRIGGS by Graham



IN WATER STREET is the historic house of the de Veres, Earls of Oxford, with this great door



The town the ages passed by

The fate of Lavenham, Suffolk—long considered one of the best-preserved medieval towns—is in the balance, and local resources are unequal to the task of saving all its historic houses. These pictures by **KURT HUTTON** show what is at stake.

RONALD BLYTHE provides a commentary

IN 1642, Charles the First, "issuing out of his coach at Greenwich" was met by a group of distinguished Suffolk men who urged him to take an interest in the disaster that had overtaken the East Anglian wool trade. "Our cloths," the Lavenham merchants said, "for the space of 18 months remain upon our hands . . . our stock lying dead . . . and we can maintain our trade no longer. The cries on many thousands of poor press us. . . ." Shortly another deputation is likely to leave Lavenham for London. The West Suffolk County Council plans to send it to see Mr. Henry Brooke, the Housing Minister.

[Continued on page 459]



DECAY AND PRESERVATION are contrasted by the houses above and the fine detail on the right, a corner of the hall of the Guild of Corpus Christi. Transactions inside produced the money for the church



ANCIENT AND MODERN are combined in these pictures of motor vehicles passing (above) *The Swan*, once a coaching inn on the St. Edmondsbury road, and (below) the weavers' house leaning over a lane



THE MARKET CROSS, dating from 1501, has a setting of Tudor houses that looks as though the Middle Ages were only round the corner. Not even a TV aerial spoils it—though there are plenty to be seen among other ancient rooftops. Bull-baiting was once held there

THE AUT
in this gl
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20th cent



THE FLAVOUR of Lavenham is captured in the photograph, where only the telephone pole and the traffic signs seem to belong to the modern world. A Preservation Committee is active

THE OLD CHURCH, rising behind a line of Lavenham laundry, was finished in about 1525. Pugin called it "the finest example of Late Perpendicular in the world." The list of rectors dates back to 1302



SIR GEORGE FALCONER, shown in the garden of his house (the old Rectory) at nearby Whatfield, is on the West Suffolk County Council. He will be one of the members of the deputation to the Housing Minister. His hope is, that the old houses can have their structure restored and their interiors modernized, so that tenants or owners can move back if they want to

COMMENTARY continued from page 457

And its mission will be closely connected with King Charles's inability to help the clothiers of the 17th century. For had the prosperity of wool been restored the fortunes of Lavenham would have been much the same as those of other pleasant little English towns, and by 1958 the usual happy jumble of architectural styles would have met our eyes.

But a strange fate overtook Lavenham. It was by-passed by history, and the result is the most complete and untouched example of a late medieval town in this country. Street after street remains just as it was built at the time of the Wars of the Roses. Softened by centuries of pink and white wash, the pargeted arms of the Earl of Oxford and the great merchants, Thomas Spring and Simon Branch, still distinguished the plastered houses. There are many mansions and long, trailing rows of weavers' cottages. Dominating them all is the exquisitely simple monolith of the tower of the huge wool church, and the rich elaborations of the Hall of the Guild of Corpus Christi.

And now modern necessities threaten Plantagenet aesthetics. When the planning authorities picked out 142 buildings as being particularly worthy of preservation in this one small town (1,451 inhabitants), it became clear to the West Suffolk County Council that Lavenham could never be partially protected and retain its distinctiveness. Its charm lay in its completeness. But what local authority can subsidize the historic architecture of an entire town?

A national accident left this near-perfect 15th-century town stranded on the banks of time and now perhaps only a national gesture can retain it.



THE ARTIST

Claude Rogers

by DAVID WOLFERS

IT CAN BE SAID that Claude Rogers is both individual and orthodox. His temperament is at once easy-going and painstaking. He enjoys portraits because of his profound interest in people. But a portrait to him is a co-operative venture. That is why he only likes painting people who are themselves interested in the outcome and prepared to be patient in helping to achieve it.

When he takes on a portrait he requires anything up to 30 or 40 sittings. On occasions he has been asked to paint busy industrial executives. But these portraits have seldom got started because the men concerned were not willing to give up as much time as he demands. He likes his subject to take the portrait just as seriously as he does. What he likes best is to work while his sitter is working. Both Professor Tawney and Professor Haldane were particularly satisfactory in this respect in that they were only too pleased to write or read while the painter worked. The people he has painted have tended to belong more to academic life than to society.

Claude Rogers would hate to be a portrait painter to the exclusion of all else. He does, however, like the distinct limitations a portrait imposes. The definition of objective is a welcome counterpart to the relative freedom of landscape painting. He begins by making a few preliminary drawings or sketches—but, unlike many portrait painters, he never touches the canvas when his sitter

is not there. These drawings enable him to think about the positioning of the sitter and the balance of the composition. He prefers to paint people just under or preferably just over life-size. Life-size portraits, he believes, hung high up in huge halls as they so often are, produce a curious off-key effect. The alteration of scale helps to right the balance. Having begun, he will not start on another commission until the one in hand is over. Nor will he take more than one sitting at a time. Generally speaking, he would rather know his subject a bit first, but this he does not consider essential since a painter inevitably gets to know his subject as he works.

In his view it is a mistake to be categorical about the best approach to portraiture. He points out that no two great painters have had the same approach. Van Gogh, for example, painted portraits in an intimate, subjective manner. He wanted the world to see the sitters as he felt them to be. When we look at one of his portraits it is almost as if we were "looking over his shoulder," experiencing his emotions as he painted it. Cézanne, on the other hand, was far more remote or objective. He did not often feel at ease with people and tried to divorce his emotions from his portrayal. The subject for him had to stand apart, free as far as possible from the personal vision of the artist. Goya, too, was more objective than subjective in approach, though Claude Rogers thinks it is easy to distinguish in Goya's portraits the people he liked and those he painted as a duty. Yet, some of Goya's "duty" portraits are among his greatest.

He himself is objective in approach. He admits, though, that unconsciously the painter selects certain facets of his sitter's personality that arouse his interest, while consciously there is a continuous attempt to balance the composition and work out the interplay of features on one another. We must, he says, "make our own rules to suit our own abilities."

Claude Rogers is a youthful 51. His abiding interest in painting and his enthusiasm must surely be communicated to his students at the Slade. He has also been for some years the President of the London Group of Artists (most of whom do not show at the Academy), and he guides its activities with an avuncular sense of justice and tolerance. He is a modest man and his very modesty contributes towards an under-rating of the work of an artist who says what he has to say with sincerity and with skill.

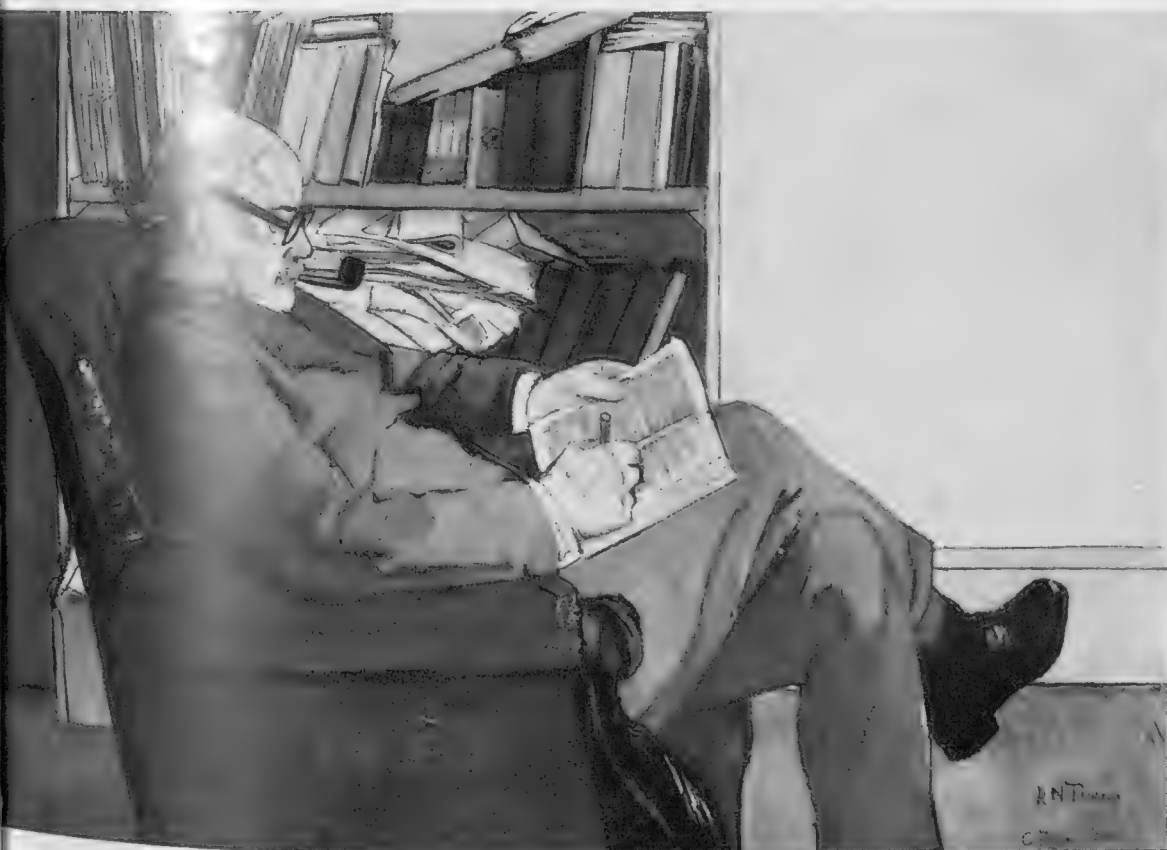
HEADMASTER OF HARROW:
DR. R. L. JAMES



WIFE OF DEPUTY SECRETARY,
MINISTRY OF DEFENCE:
MRS. R. CHILVER (Tate Gallery)

**LORD OF APPEAL:
THE RT. HON. LORD
JUSTICE BIRKETT, Q.C.**

**WIFE OF TATE GALLERY
BOARD CHAIRMAN:
MRS. D. PROCTOR**



**ECONOMIC HISTORIAN AND
POLITICAL AUTHOR:
PROFESSOR R. H. TAWNEY**

THE FAIRY STEPMOTHER (Kate Reid) who in the end straightens out her stepson's guilt-complex, is ill-suited in her marriage. Her husband (Ian Hunter) is in thrall to the memory of his first wife, and, with his eyes turned inwards, is unable to appreciate the qualities of her successor



THEATRE

A good novel makes a thin play

by ANTHONY COOKMAN

EVEN good dramatists are not to be restrained from turning novels into plays.

It has never been clear to me why they should fall like ninepins before this particular temptation, unless of course the novel is *The Good Companions* and a duty is owed to the nation. Almost the best that can generally be hoped for, as experienced playgoers know, is that a story readers have followed with breathless excitement will just about keep the attention of an audience. This is the kind of success Mr. Warren Chetham-Strode gains from his skilful attempt in *The Stepmother* at the St. Martin's Theatre to dramatize a novel by Mr. R. C. Hutchinson.

For quite a time it seems that what we are being offered is a fairly close reflection of the *Rebecca* of Miss Daphne du Maurier. The new wife of a diplomatist finds herself in the

intimidating presence of the ghost of his former wife. Wherever she turns she finds that what are felt would have been the wishes of the incomparable Julia are still regarded as laws, and she cannot give the butler a trivial order without sensing that she has put her foot in it. Her husband is as considerate as good form requires, but clearly he finds it impossible to return the love of the adoring secretary he has married. He has married her for companionship, but love as a passion, so far as he has ever known it, is with Julia in her grave. Her stepson hardly troubles to conceal his view that his father ought not to have married again. He himself is about to marry a shockingly common woman from a Shaftesbury Avenue theatrical agency, a *mésalliance* which strikes his father as a social disaster, though he is too polite to say so. But then the boy is a bit of a nervous wreck, having, while a serving soldier, peremptorily shot one of his men for what he regarded as an unforgivably cowardly action. He "got away with it," but the episode has left its mark on his nerves.

All this close-set storytelling of the first act leaves us with the impression that the incomparable Julia will turn out to have been a pretty bad lot and to have come, not undeservedly, to a sticky end. But the nub of the play—though not perhaps the nub of the novel—is not the dominating Julia who made herself the religion of her husband and son, but the son. By an excellent stage surprise it is shown that his reason for marrying the girl from Shaftesbury Avenue is that she is the widow of the soldier he shot. He is marrying her out of a morbid sense of duty and to give her child a decent home; but the sacrifice has the effect of making him indifferent as to what he does with his life or even if he will let it go on.

This is where the stepmother comes in. Unhappy herself, she recognizes unhappiness in others where she sees it. Finding the intractable boy nearly dying of pneumonia,

she defies his own wishes and the suspicions of the woman he is about to marry, bundles him back to his father's house, and herself nurses him back to health. What is the result? He finds that he has transferred his mother-fixation to her. So far from being shocked, she is delighted. She knows the supreme sensation of being wanted, something that she has never known before. But she pauses on the ecstatic discovery only long enough to make it a cherished memory. She then sets about to guide the boy's new-found dependence on her into channels of healthy affection. And of course by curing the son she later finds that she has also cured the father—so achieving by uncalculating selflessness what no amount of scheming could have done.

The play, as I have said, holds the attention. Its weakness is that it never lets us excitingly into the lives of the characters. We see them only from the outside. This is not the fault of the acting, which is uniformly good. Miss Kate Reid has a delightfully warm personality and she makes all that can be made of the woman who has married with the uncomfortable sense that she has never yet succeeded in making any man really want her for a wife. Mr. Ian Hunter has an even more uphill part as the husband who is inhibited by the perfect memory of his first wife. Not even he can quite make us believe in the final reconciliation.

Miss Maggie Smith is much better served. As the hard-bitten woman who refuses to be patronized by the upper-class family into which she hopes to marry and gaily flaunts her vulgarity in their faces, she has a good theatrical part and plays it with all possible ease and effectiveness. Mr. Tim Seely is good as the neurotic stepson, and there is a nice little performance by Miss Joan Newell, as a confirmed spinster who is only the tiniest bit tearful over her lot.

GERALD LASCELLES's reviews of Jazz Records are on page 480



The tough girl and social disaster (Maggie Smith) whom the son of the family rashly seeks to marry

The Inn Of The Sixth Happiness with Ingrid Bergman and Curt Jurgens will have its première on Sunday and proceeds will found a R.A.D.A. scholarship in memory of the film's third star, the late Robert Donat

CINEMA

Mr. More tames the west

by ELSPETH GRANT

THE VICTORIAN English gentleman abroad was pretty sure of himself. He knew that the English ruled the earth, he was quite unaware that they gave rise to much covert hilarity and mirth, and he could rest assured that if the natives proved hostile Her Majesty's Government would send a gun-boat. Mr. Kenneth More in the title rôle of *The Sheriff Of Fractured Jaw* has just the right self-confidence for the period, and displays, too, the spirit of enterprise that made England what she was.

Inhabiting a London gunsmith's business which is tottering towards bankruptcy, Mr. More decides in a flash that the way to show a profit is to peddle his wares where the demand is greatest—in America's Wild West, among the desperadoes who, rumour has it, would be seen dead without a gun and are frequently seen dead with one. When next sighted Mr. More is bowling across the prairie in a stagecoach, pursued by a band of howling Indians. "By Jove, savages!" cries Mr. More delightedly. But when the arrows start to fly he is less enthusiastic. He calls the coach to a halt and, settling his snuff-coloured, shilly-cock hat firmly on a head held high, steps out to "have a word" with the ill-mannered redskins.

To the astonishment of the onlookers, the Indians are apparently quelled and sent on their way by Mr. More by purely verbal means and though this isn't quite so, it makes a good story which greatly impresses the citizens of Fractured Jaw. Before he knows what is happening, Mr. More finds himself elected sheriff of this turbulent township. The rest of the film shows how, with nothing up his sleeve but a derringer, he restores law and order, ends a feud between two rival gangs of gun-slinging cowhands, becomes blood-brother to the Indians and wins the hand of Miss Jayne Mansfield, the tough but ladylike person who runs the local saloon.

It is a jolly little film and the director, Mr. Raoul Walsh, an old hand on Westerns, makes only one mistake: he lets Miss Mansfield sing a love song to Mr. More in a canyon whose walls re-echo every last sugared word. Mr. More's reaction to any such thing would be one of acute embarrassment: "Oh, I say, old girl! Really!"

The sheer efficiency of the production and the dazzling ebullience of Miss Gwen Verdon's dancing in *What Lola Wants*—a screen version of the stage musical, *Damn Yankees*—consoled me for the fact that the film is about baseball, a sport of which I

know nothing except that it is played in the most unbecoming garments devised for any purpose in the world or even space travel.

The story is somewhat Faustian: a middle-aged baseball fan (Mr. Robert Shafer) makes a pact with the Devil (Mr. Ray Walston—fiendishly sophisticated) and is temporarily rejuvenated. Transformed into Mr. Tab Hunter, he becomes the ace baseball player of the year. Under the handsome, muscular exterior of Mr. Hunter beats the stolid, suburban heart of Mr. Shafer—who begins to hanker after his ever-loving wife's company and cooking. To take his mind off his memories, the Devil whistles up a 179-year-old witch of seductive appearance

and inclination, Miss Verdon. Her burlesque of a Latin femme fatale is quite riotously funny—but she can be appealingly sincere, too, as one sees when she falls in love with Mr. Hunter and does her best to help him beat the Devil. The songs are not particularly memorable but the dance routines are expertly staged and executed and the dialogue has a pleasing edge and wit. I found it highly entertaining.

I have to warn you that the setting of *Behind The Mask* is a hospital, one of the film's tensest scenes presents a nearly bungled heart operation—and the blood comes in Eastman Colour. The film is by no means sensationalist. On the contrary, as directed by Mr. Brian Desmond Hurst, it seems to wish seriously to draw attention to opposing factions within the medical profession. Mr. Michael Redgrave and Mr. Niall MacGinnis are rival surgeons. The former is the suave, perhaps slightly insincere humanist with a beautiful bedside manner—the latter is colder, more scientific and eager to develop the research activities at the hospital where they both serve. Neither appears to put his patients before everything else.

Mr. Tony Britton, a considerably younger surgeon, displays a greater integrity; though he has been made Mr. Redgrave's assistant largely (one gathers) because he married Mr. Redgrave's beautiful daughter (Miss Vanessa Redgrave), he clearly realizes, when it comes to a showdown, that his loyalty must be to his profession and not necessarily to his father-in-law. This is comforting—especially if your doctor is not "an older man."

It always foxes me that young men who marry women much their senior for their money, do not realize that they have to do anything but enjoy it. In *The Evil That Is Eve*, M. Henri Vidal, a bank-clerk, once married to rich Mlle. Isa Miranda, does not lift a finger to earn his keep. He concentrates on seducing her secretary, Mlle. Mylene Demongeot. This dear little puss incites him to murder his wife. Having done so he learns that the dead woman had a son, to whom she has left her entire fortune, and that Mlle. Demongeot is engaged to the lucky boy. Tchik! Tchik! Tchik!

I Only Arsked! involves Mr. Bernard Bresslaw (bone-headed giant of *The Army Game*) and several talented players such as Messrs. Michael Medwin, Michael Bentin and Alfie Bass, in a spot of trouble in the Middle East—with oil-wells and harem gals. All around me, enthusiastic viewers fell about with laughter. I only marvelled.



THIS WEEK'S FILMS

THE SHERIFF OF FRACTURED JAW—Kenneth More, Jayne Mansfield. Directed by Raoul Walsh.

WHAT LOLA WANTS—Tab Hunter, Gwen Verdon, Ray Walston. Directed by George Abbott and Stanley Donen.

BEHIND THE MASK—Michael Redgrave, Tony Britton, Carl Mohner, Niall MacGinnis, Vanessa Redgrave. Directed by Brian Desmond Hurst.

THE EVIL THAT IS EVE—Mylene Demongeot, Henri Vidal, Isa Miranda. Directed by Henri Verneuil. "X" Certificate.

I ONLY ARSKED—Bernard Bresslaw, Michael Medwin, Alfie Bass. Directed by Montgomery Tully.

With umbrella neatly furled, Kenneth More arrives in the Wild West to become the Sheriff Of Fractured Jaw, praised this week by Elspeth Grant



STANLEY
PARKER
DRAWS

Monica Stirling

Dark and slim, Monica Stirling looks more Continental than English. She lives in Paris, near the Parc Monceau, and first went to France with her father who ran the English Players there. She started her writing career as a war correspondent for the Atlantic Monthly. Her best-known book is her biography of Ouida, and her latest Sigh for a Strange Land (Gollancz). It is the story of a friend killed in Central Europe



BOOKS I AM READING

The lonely man-at-arms

by SIRIOL HUGH-JONES

Monica Dickens with her adopted daughters, Pamela and Prudence. Her latest novel is Man Overboard (Michael Joseph, Ltd.)



AS THE LITERARY YEAR chugs towards its close, and the people who know about such things begin to tot up totals of words and titles and Ten Best Books, so my prejudices become more clearly defined. I find I am developing a profound reluctance to read books set in the bleak future, when "civilization as we know it" has come to an appalling end and men with antennae growing out of their ears are roaming about between here and Mars. I am becoming less and less keen about books dealing with life in the raw on the two or three last remaining really savage islands in the world, or about the perils of collecting rare beetles for zoos, or about how to arrange flowers prettily in vases. Nor can I with any degree of ease digest many more books about the last war. All this probably goes to show I am a coward, or someone who is seriously out of touch with something or other (possibly with what the publishers reckon the public is going to like).

So I shall now contradict myself and say that Field-Marshal Montgomery's *Memoirs* (Collins, 35s.), which is largely about war, is a fierce stoat of a book to which I have been playing mesmerized rabbit for the past week. People with more authority than I have recently written extensively about the book and its author. I dare only add hesitantly that the book has the most unexpected quality of pathos. Montgomery, a myth in his own lifetime, writes in bare, austere sentences like a man who is most at home when issuing orders for a battle. Through it all runs the theme of loneliness, of fighting

alone and depending only on yourself, with God and hard work to see you through. Montgomery's bleak personal asceticism (the Russians had no choice but to accept the fact he drank only mineral water) supports the narrative like a steel backbone. He believes in right against wrong, and is always perfectly confident about which is which. It is a formidable handbook to the profession of arms, and a pulverizing portrait of the author. Unambitious persons who get up late and lead undirected lives filled with too much pottering about will suffer severe guilt from first page to last.

One of the things that for some reason scared me most about the book was the guarantee on the back of the jacket, from which the Field-Marshal's bright eyes rivet the quaking reader: "Every word of the book was written in pencil in my own handwriting." Why should this make it sound like a self-imposed penance, a thousand lines of Latin verse copied out after school when the other boys are playing cricket? The facsimile handwriting is round, upright, and very clear. Not a trace of weakness, not a wobble from the straightest of straight lines.

Everybody knows about Montgomery. The only women to win this kind of fame have to be either film stars or models. Miss Jean Dawnay has written a little book called *How I Became A Fashion Model* (Nelson, 6s.) which in some ways reminds me of the Field-Marshal's, though she has what one might call slighter background material. There is the same fanatical dedication to work, the same ruthless self-discipline. "... It's very much a question of character and determination. ... Be stern with yourself as you grow weary and disheartened ... the chief quality needed, as a foundation for all others, is persistence, and a stubborn refusal to admit defeat ... the model must keep herself fit and in good trim at all times, half the battle in life is to get yourself into a

position from which you have some advantage in the struggle. . . .” And so on. The moral of this relentless cautionary tale appears to me to be that, in any old-fashioned hand-to-hand fighting in the future, a little commando unit of models is something no good army ought to be without.

Rather more briefly . . . **Chinese Art**, by Mario Prodan (Hutchinson, 30s.) is an informative and soothing book, full of delectable pictures of horses and bowls, and elegant Immortals in ivory, nothing more reposeful and comforting . . . William Sansom's **The Cautious Heart** (Hogarth, 13s. 6d.) is about a jazz pianist in love with a woman haunted by an awful Other Man. It starts off as odd and sweetly funny as you please, and then somehow. . . . But maybe it is only that I want almost every novel to be a novella, and people who can't have too much of a good thing are perfectly entitled to feel otherwise. . . . **Distinguished For Talent**, by Woodrow Wyatt (Hutchinson, 21s.), is a collection of profiles of men—not, I'm afraid, a woman among them—picked by the author as representative of people making a big mark upon life in Britain today. Each subject is fascinating and Mr. Wyatt full of bubbling enthusiasm, but—with the exception of a brilliant essay on Churchill—I found them curiously flat and ironed-out, leaving me little the wiser about what makes the man of destiny tick. . . . **Position At Noon**, by Eric Linklater (Cape, 16s.) is the story of a family with a fatal flaw, told backwards; more subdued, effortful Linklater than usual, but as I dote upon his style I am not going to give in to ingratitude. . . . **Tooth And Claw** (Elek, 15s.), by B. A. Young is a funny and often alarming bestiary of human beings and animals, illustrated by the odd and elegant folkies. . . . The 1958 PEN anthology of **New Poems** (Michael Joseph, 13s. 6d.) I commend because it is good value and because people who are addicted to reading it ought to give themselves a holiday now and then. It includes a poem by Maud Evans, a fine and strange writer who died this year. Her astonishing first book, *Country Dance*, must be read—if you can find a copy. . . . **A Shot In The Dark** is a novel by David Garnett (Longmans, 13s. 6d.) a weird and to me inexplicable book about an American writer in Italy and the two women he loves, who unfortunately also love each other. Somehow I had a strong impression of intense Free Love in Bloomsbury, only this is San Frediano. . . . **Fire In My Blood**, by Denisa Lady Newborough (Elek, 16s.), is a madcap, Magyar whirl, marvellously period, that starts, “I just love myself in black velvet and mink . . .” (the chapter is headed, “A Born Adventuress”). Frightful revelations are promised but somehow by-passed, and the pulsating shade of Elinor Glyn hangs over all. The jacket also advertises Casanova's *Memoirs*, and *Madness After Midnight*, “the inside story of London's vice rackets. . . .”

Burke's Landed Gentry Of Ireland, (7 gns.), is a passionately absorbing and entertaining book for those interested in such matters. Only think of Brush of Drumnabreeze, Berridge of Screebe, Grubb of Castle Grace, Blood of Ballykilty, and Penrose Fitzgerald formerly of Lisquinlan and Corkbeg. . . . My favourite sentence of the week reads simply “Abraham Augustus Lorenzo Dundas, of whom presently.”



Miss Virginia Hordern to Mr. John Ralph Stourton: She is the twin daughter of Mr. & Mrs. Basil Hordern, the Old Rectory, Fernhurst, Sussex. He is the son of the Hon. John Stourton, & of Mrs. Stourton



Miss Susan Elizabeth Barclay to Mr. Christopher Charles Harley: She is the second daughter of Sir Roderick & Lady Barclay, the British Embassy, Copenhagen. He is the son of Major & Mrs. R. Harley,

Miss Ann Genevieve Just to Mr. David O'Shaughnessy: She is the daughter of Mr. & Mrs. R. D. Just, Kensington Mansions, S.W.5. He is the son of Mr. & Mrs. P. O'Shaughnessy, of Sheffield Terrace, W.8



Miss Lucy Rothenstein to the Hon. Richard Rhys: She is the daughter of Sir John & Lady Rothenstein, Beauforest House, Newington, Warborough, Oxon. He is the elder son of Lord Dynevor, Dynevor Castle, Carmarthenshire



Miss Jancis Veronica Burn to Captain David Houston, Royal Irish Fusiliers: She is the eldest daughter of the late Major & the late Mrs. S. Burn. He is the son of Mr. & Mrs. D. Houston, Osterley

Miss Kirsteen Mackessack to Mr. Alan Hugh Mitcalfe: She is the elder daughter of Mr. & Mrs. Douglas Mackessack, Inverugie, Hopeman, Morayshire. He is the son of Mr. & Mrs. W. S. Mitcalfe, Underwood, Riding Mill, Northumberland



FOR A DAY OUTDOORS



Warm colours predominate in a sparkling range of fashions for the outdoor girl shown on these pages and overleaf. Mohair makes news and excellent sense as well on a crisp autumn morning. This hip-length sweater with a V neck and the "shaggy dog" look is incredibly warm but feather light to wear. Here in gold, it is available in other colours as well at Simpsons, Piccadilly, price : 8 gns. The taper tartan pants (Ancient Lindsay, but also made in other tartans) come from the Scotch House, Knightsbridge. Price : 4 gns.

Mohair takes to the moors



Out with Spooner's Harriers on Dartmoor the joint-Master, Major Drew, leads the field through a gate, watched by two who have chosen wisely. One wears a Pringle cardigan in white brushed mohair with fly-away collar and brass buttons (Simpsons, Piccadilly : £9 19s. 6d.) and a Country Life tartan skirt, one of a range to order from Derry & Toms, Kensington, and Roderick Tweedie, Edinburgh : about 10 gns. The other chooses a Munrospun lambswool cardigan with a V neck and pearl buttons, from Roderick Tweedie, and branches : about 4 gns. Her lambswool skirt checked in grey, brown and white comes from the Scotch House, £5 10s.

Photographs by Michel Molinero



Originally woven for horse rugs, this bold houndstooth check overlaid with a red and green shadow stripe now makes an appearance as a topcoat well in keeping with a moorland landscape. Fully lined it is made by Country Life and can be bought in London at Derry & Toms, High Street, Kensington, and in Scotland from Roderick Tweedie, Edinburgh. The price of the coat is 23½ gns.

FOR A DAY

OUTDOORS *continued*

Fashion keeps step
with the country girl



Donald MacDonald, the Highland firm which supplied sheepskin clothing to the Commonwealth Antarctic expedition, made this coat which is dyed brilliant blue on the suède surface with the fleece left pure white. It costs 20 gns. and comes in many colours with the fleece dyed brown if desired. Obtainable only from Donald MacDonald (Antartex Ltd.) Loch Lomond, Renton, Dumbarton, Scotland

Warmer than it looks, this check shirt in Clydella, shown here in red and white, is made in 23 different colours by London Pride and is unquestionably right for the country scene. Obtainable at Debenham & Freebodies, London, and Rowans, Birmingham, the price is 49s. 6d. The tartan slacks come from the range at the Scotch House, Knightsbridge, and complete an outfit both gay and practical.



The Dartmoor pony takes an understandable interest in the long-haired mohair sweater which so much resembles his own warm winter coat. The colour is scarlet and the sweater has a small V neck and fly-away collar. From Simpsons, Piccadilly, price: £8 18s. 6d. The box-pleated skirt in MacKenzie tartan worn with it comes from the Scotch House, Knightsbridge, and the price is 5 gns.

Michel Molinare



Three aspects of Eve



For the slim, elegant woman who knows how to wear sophisticated clothes Victor Stiebel makes this sheath of ivory satin embossed with huge beige and pink roses, a Biancini fabric which is admirably set off by the huge flying panel of shot rose taffeta. The crystal chandelier ear-rings are from Paris House



For the young pretty woman who has not yet learned to carry off the extremes of fashion, Lanvin-Castillo shows a brilliant Chinese yellow brocade dress which is easy to wear yet completely "of the moment." The high obi waistline is picked out with jewels, the modest fichu neckline confirms its air of youthfulness



For ultimate luxury a ball gown by Pierre Balmain of beige-shadowed white tulle trimmed with lynx and worn with a stole of the same fur. No couturier in Paris dresses a wider private clientele than Balmain, who has a reputation for designing utterly feminine clothes in the grand manner for wealthy women

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Black velvet and creamy white satin are used with dramatic effect in two Polly Peck dresses photographed against a background of modern global communications picked out in gold as part of the décor of the Time & Life Building in New Bond Street. The model in white satin (*left*) has a short top which stands away from the skirt of wide unpressed pleats lined with vilene to hold them in position. Price 12½ gns. Jewelfcraft provide the ear-rings, price: 57s. 6d. The strapless short evening dress (*right*) has a black velvet top and a stifily swinging skirt in white satin which falls from a high bust-line. Price: 14½ gns. The ear rings (*in detail above, right*) are of baguette rhinestones falling in a sparkling pendant, price: 79s. 6d; the rhinestone bracelet costs 57s. 6d., both by Jewelfcraft. Dresses and all the jewellery are from Derry & Toms, Kensington High Street, W.8

Photographs by
Peter Alexander



the modern line





These metal cigarette boxes were designed, like the other articles on this page, by Fornasetti of Milan. The piano key design is in black and white and the pipes are in colour on a white background (six gns.). Marguerite D'Arey, 75 York Street, W.1

SHOPPING

Fantasy in practice

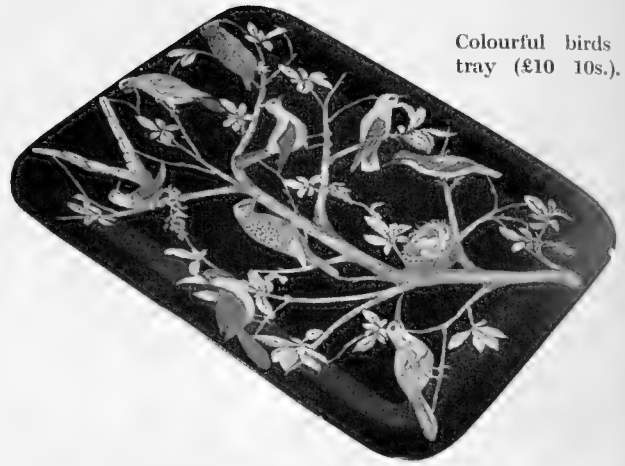
by JEAN STEELE



Greek coins are used for the bookend, one of a pair (£1 19s. 6d.). From Peter Jones



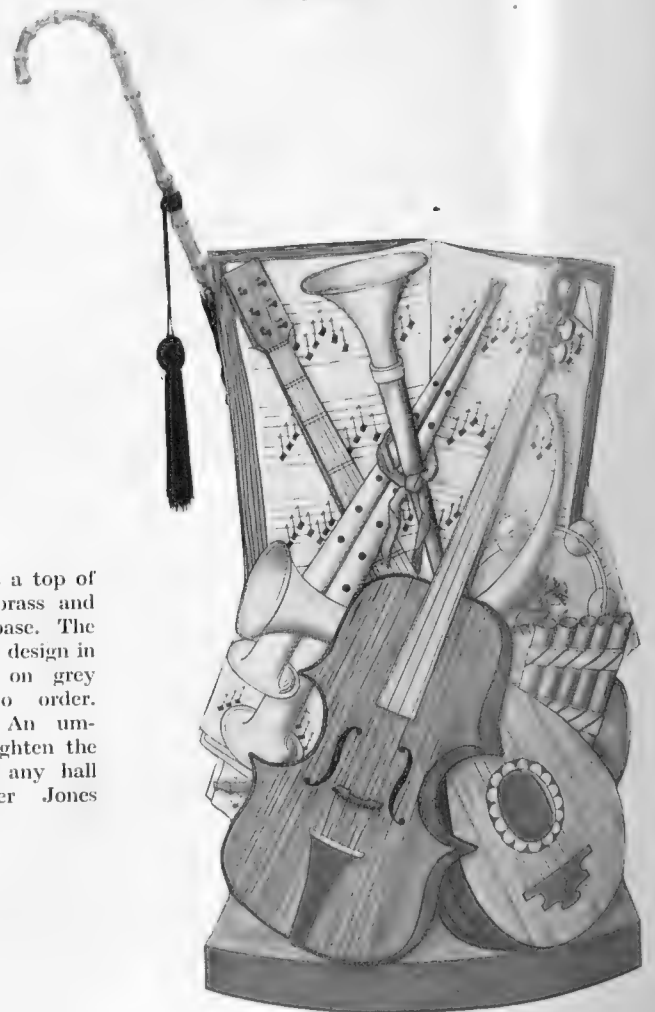
The table (left) has a top of masonite with a brass and mahogany tripod base. The border is a classical design in white and black on grey marble. Made to order. Liberty's. Right: An umbrella stand to brighten the darkest corner of any hall (£12 12s.). Peter Jones



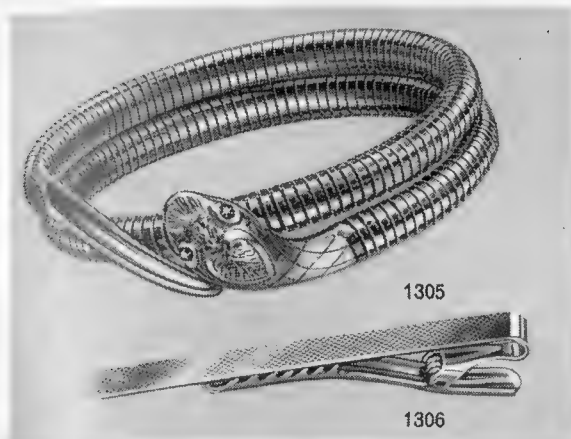
Colourful birds decorate this tray (£10 10s.). Peter Jones



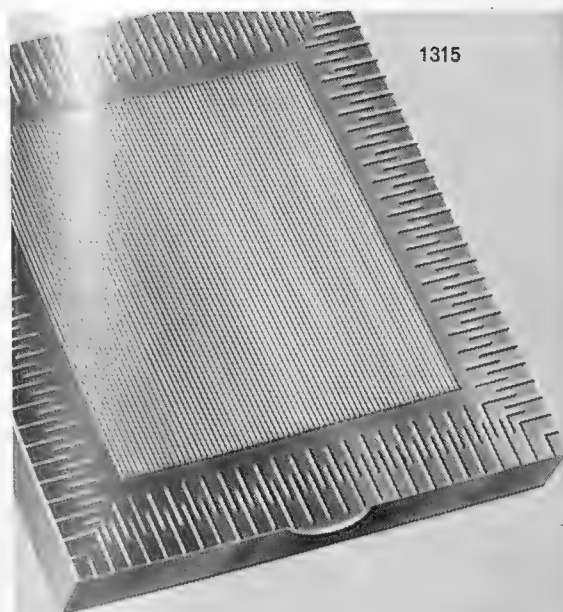
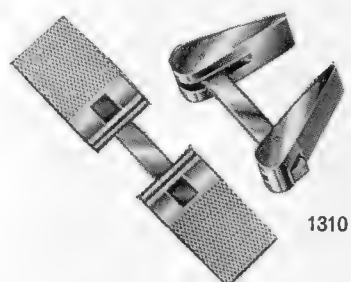
A portrait of the composer, Alessandro Scarlatti, and an Italian scene are the subjects of these plates (£1 2s. 9d. each). Peter Jones



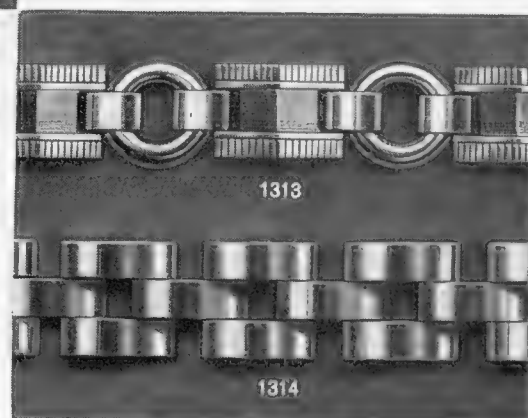
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AUTUMN EVENING. There are two versions of this style, daytime (*above*) and evening (*right*) by René



BEAUTY

The hairdresser tells his story

by JEAN CLELAND

LOOKING AT RECENT PHOTOS of Princess Margaret, and noticing the adventurous way in which she changes her hair styles, I wondered whether other women liked to go in for a different look, or did they, in the main, prefer to stick to something they knew, and felt used to.

For an answer, I went along to see René, who dresses the Princess's hair and creates her styles.

René had no hesitation about young people. "As a rule they are all out for something new. Also they like to be advised, and are ready to have whatever kind of style one suggests. Older people, well, naturally they need a little more persuasion. They have to get confidence, but once one can give them that, all is well."

Giving confidence, I thought, looking at René, should not be difficult. He has a sort of exuberance that is very catching. Obviously he loves hairdressing, which no doubt is why he does it so well. Yet there is a sort of open-air feeling about him that makes one wonder what made him go in for it.

We talked of this, and I was right about the open air. René, who was born just outside Paris, has unbounded enthusiasm for football, and was at one time a junior international, and an outstanding goalkeeper. He was also an amateur boxer, and a runner, and was in the Resistance movement during the war. Where then, amidst all this, did the idea of hairdressing come in?

It was not, it transpired, his first idea. His father was a hairdresser who did not want

his son to follow in his footsteps. So René who, in addition to his keenness for sport, was artistic, with an eye for beauty, decided to go in for millinery and he started making hats. This went well for a time, until he became discouraged by the look of the heads for which his hats were created. What was the use, he asked himself, of making lovely things to wear on the head, if the hair beneath it was not in keeping? Obviously the hair must come first.

He came to the conclusion that there was only one thing to do—take up hairdressing.

René began his career in Paris, where the training to be a hairdresser is a long and arduous business, taking several years, and including a medical course in trichology and bone structure. He studied under the famous Antonio of Paris, who was a wonderful cutter and shaper of hair.

When the training was complete, René's idea was to open his own salon in Paris. Before doing this he came to England for a little further study, intending to stay only six months. Instead of this he liked it so much that he stayed on, and after four years—the time a foreigner has to have been in England before he can start on his own—he opened his salon in South Audley Street.

René, talked of make-up in relation to hair. This, like the hats, is an important part of the whole, and should all be in keeping. Not only the colour of the hair should be considered, but the style as well. "With a soft feminine style the make-up should be soft and feminine, too."

DESIREE. The green velvet band goes over the ears and under the hair in this casual style by René



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MOTORING

by GORDON WILKINS

On with the Channel tunnel

MOTORING NEWS breaks so often and in such widely separated places that I rarely have much spare time in hand when starting a journey. When I do I have an uneasy feeling that it is too good to be true. It certainly was so when I set out to do a leisurely reconnaissance on the way to the start of an Alpine Trial, and was stranded in the mountains for three days waiting while new pistons were flown out and fitted to replace those which had wilted. And it was so when I set out in a nice new test car for the Turin Motor Show this year. I arrived a day late musing grimly on the need for oil gauges and for the Channel tunnel. I had not reached the coast when I noticed that oil pressure had dropped to about 35 lb. sq.in. instead of the normal 60 and was falling almost to zero when the engine was idling. There was plenty of oil and no obvious sign of trouble, so I drove slowly back to London, where we checked the relief valve and changed it without success. Eventually it was found that a small part of the valve gear had detached itself, allowing oil to escape, and the piece itself was adrift somewhere in the engine, a potential menace to the working parts. With a 2,000-mile trip ahead, I should most probably have been stranded somewhere on the Continent with a badly damaged engine if I had not had warning from the oil gauge. Yet there was probably enough pressure to have prevented the illumination of the warning light so many manufacturers fit instead of an oil gauge in order to save a few shillings. If there had been no oil gauge I should probably have had no warning until it was too late.

Seeing the non-stop dawn-to-dusk service of air ferry planes and the constant shuttling of cross-Channel car and train ferries during the summer months, it is easy to conclude that a Channel tunnel is no longer necessary, but as one who has to travel regularly winter and summer, I am now one of its supporters. By the time I had obtained another car and completed the relevant paper work, I had missed the morning boat from Dover and there were no sailings to France in the afternoon. I therefore tried to make the 3.10 p.m. boat from Folkestone, but after a losing struggle with London's traffic, arrived at 2.20 p.m., too late for the car to be loaded. The last plane from Ferryfield was scheduled for 3.30 p.m. but this was already full, and Silver City were understandably unwilling to fly another plane for one car only. So by 3 p.m. I was in Dover, with nine hours to waste before the night ferry sailed; nine hours with no means of getting a car to France, and I suffered an expensive loss of an important day's work as a result. So oil gauges and the Channel tunnel both have my vote.

As one who often uses the Dover-Dunkirk night ferry to gain more working time during the day (despite their barbaric habit of waking the passengers a clear hour before they really need to) I am always surprised at the difference between French cuisine ashore and afloat. The boats with British crews can usually produce a grill or an omelet well cooked and cheerfully served, with a glass of wine, but the French either find the narrow waters of the Channel depressing, or have lost interest in trying to cater for the gastronomically uncultured Anglo-Saxons who form 90 per cent of the passengers. The mere sight of the St. Germain awaiting me at the dockside at Dunkirk after a long day's drive puts me *en colère* for I know that the purser will barely let me stop the car before starting to fuss about tickets, and later the dispirited waiter will have nothing to offer but the *oeuf-bacon* he has been trying to sell me without success for years past.

However, I travelled on the new French car ferry, the *Compiegne*, a few weeks ago and saw a definite improvement. The soup, consisting apparently of shredded carrot in water, was a sad affair but the roast chicken was well done and the wines were reasonable. On the deck above was a snack bar where exotic Continental delicacies like fried fish and chips could be had. The décor is that of the more austere type of coffee bar, but the ship rides steadily in rough weather as she is fitted with stabilizers.

GORDON WILKINS sent back this article while delayed *en route* for Turin. His report from the Motor Show there will appear next week



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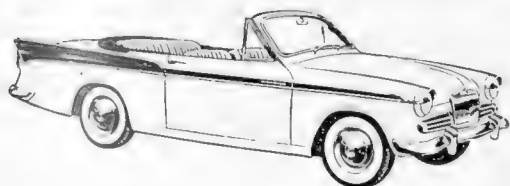
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*Gerald Lascelles is the co-author with
Sinclair Trail (editor of the Jazz
Journal) of Just Jazz 2 (Peter Davies),
a successor to the book on which
they collaborated last year*



RECORDS

Condon moves Uptown

by GERALD LASCELLES

NO LONGER IS banjoist band-leader Eddie Condon the great news story that he used to be. He has now become an institution, not just for New York night-club goers, but for jazz fans all over the world who like their music rough and slightly rugged. His latest LP announces the move of his famous club from Greenwich Village—owing to the site demolition of anything he and his men had not destroyed in the course of twelve years' hard blowing. Their new address is "Uptown" in the New York vernacular, although for me there will always be a nostalgic leaning towards the threadbare plush seats, the jammed-up tables and that cheery greeting which Eddie reserved for anyone who had darkened his portals before.

This boisterous record also hails the welcome reappearance of Rex Stewart, who is featured on several tracks. He was the second trumpet in Duke Ellington's band for eleven years, but has been too long absent from the recording studio. I hope to hear more from him in the future.

One of the swingiest bands in England today is the Dixieland band of Alex Welsh, which revives on Nixa some of the famous early jazz hits from the Chicago publishing firm run by the Melrose brothers. These titles have been perpetuated by so many great names that it requires some courage to tackle them again. The Welsh band is well suited to do so, and I commend the results. The Original Dixieland Jazz Band, recorded extensively in this country in 1919-20, is

featured in a Columbia re-issue, for the collector's special benefit. This music is important, but I find it needs a sharp ear to assimilate the detail of a style which set the world talking forty years ago.

The Dorsey brothers (Tommy and Jimmy) were busy in 1935 converting themselves and their public from true Dixieland music to the commercialized band-wagon known as swing. The stars were there, but the ingredients were lacking, and the Brunswick LP which provides us with their historical re-issues fails in its selection. A more telling look into the history book comes from Don Ewell, a backroom pianist of the highest order, primitive yet advanced in the sense that Jelly Roll Morton was. His clarinettist, Darnell Howard, is a veteran who has worked for long periods with Hines, and Minor Hall drummed with Kid Ory back in 1916. What they have to say on this two year-old session is more potent

than most of the modern jazz recorded in the last five years.

Another historical figure, cornettist Bunk Johnson, makes some sad sounds with the Yerba Buena Jazz Band, a San Francisco group who formed the backbone of the New Orleans revival movement after the second World War. No one is ready to admit that this oldtimer is played-out, but the tracks of this Good Time Jazz LP are evidence of the sad fact.

A flash of brilliance is evident in the piano playing of Mose Allison, whose Back Country Suite comprises entirely original material, blending the roots of blues and folk music with the modern influence of Al Haig, Monk, and Garner. I find this an important record in that it provides a direct link between past and present; from Allison, a man who was brought up in the atmosphere of the country, comes advanced ideas of blues interpretation.

SELECTED RECORDS

EDDIE CONDON	CONDON IS UPTOWN NOW	12-in. L.P. MGM-C-768. £1 15s. 10d.
MOSE ALLISON	BACK COUNTRY SUITE	12-in. L.P. Esquire 32-051 £1 19s. 7½d.
DON EWELL	MUSIC TO LISTEN TO BY DON EWELL	12-in. L.P. Good Time Jazz LAG12131. £1 18s. 3d.
ORIGINAL DIXIELAND JAZZ BAND	IN ENGLAND 1919-20	10-in. L.P. Columbia 33S1133. £1 7s. 10d.
ALEX WELSH	THE MELROSE FOLIO	10-in. L.P. Nixa NJT516. £1 7s. 10d.
ELLA FITZGERALD	THE MOODS OF ELLA	E.P. H.M.V. 7EG8392. 11s. 1½d.

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DINING IN

Forgotten favourites

by HELEN BURKE

WHEN WE DINE OUT we are often reminded of a dish we have forgotten or neglected. This past week, it happened to me twice.

The first was potatoes, *Maitre d'Hotel* style, simple, pleasant and calling for little extra preparation. It was not Escoffier's way with them, nor yet Saulnier's, but I thought that, in spite of the small amount of flour in the sauce, it was more interesting. Let us be purists and avoid adding the wrong thing, but the addition of a little starch to starch can be allowed, if it improves.

They were undercooked potatoes, boiled in their jackets, peeled and diced (not too small), then added to a little thinnish rich white sauce, scattered through with chopped parsley. They were served with a *tournedos*.

My own favourite potato dish is *Pommes Savoyard*, also simple, but it takes time. Peel large potatoes. Cut them through lengthwise and then into half-moon slices. Stand these in rows, like stacked cards, in a well buttered shallow earthenware or glass oven-dish and sprinkle them with salt and freshly milled pepper to taste. Add consomme almost to the top and as much grated Parmesan cheese as is desirable. I use little, because I prefer the flavour of the potatoes themselves. Dot with butter and bake for about an hour in a pretty good heat—400 degrees Fahr. or gas mark 5. If there is too much evaporation, add more water.

The other dish was a simplified *Banana Condé*. First, there was a layer of creamed rice on the bottom of a glass dish. On it were placed bananas (one per person), cut through lengthwise and coated with lemon juice to preserve their colour. A thin apricot purée, accented with Kirsch, was spread on them and the dish was finished with further creamed rice, heaped up at each end.

Make the creamed rice this way: For 4 servings, wash a good half-breakfastcup of Carolina-type rice. Cover with boiling water and leave for 3 to 4 minutes. Drain. Add it to 1½ cups boiling milk and a split piece of vanilla pod. Bring to the boil again and simmer until the rice has absorbed the milk and is cooked. Add an ounce or so of sugar. Remove the pod.

Leave to cool. Add 1 to 2 tablespoons double cream and, if you can spare it, a tablespoon of Grand Marnier or Curaçao. Proceed as above.

I was offered cream with this

Banana Condé—but that would have been a little too much!

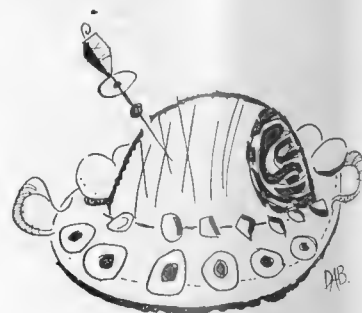
The point about that sweet is that it is prepared beforehand and placed in readiness on a side table. Excellent for a Sunday evening meal.

A French friend makes a great fuss of her *Tomates Farcies*, serving them alone in their glory, and well she might. This time of year, tomatoes are larger than earlier on and, often, those from the garden are not ripe enough for their usual uses. All the better for being slightly under-ripe. They cook with almost more flavour than those which are red ripe. And, being large, they are worth while.

For 8 good-sized tomatoes, half a pound of finely minced raw meat (veal with a tiny piece of fat pork) makes a good filling.

Cut a thin slice off the stem end of each tomato and spoon out the pulp. Fry a chopped onion in a little butter to a pale gold. Add 3 to 4 good tablespoons of cooked rice and turn it about to coat it with the fat. Beat in the minced meat, the sieved tomato pulp, a little chopped parsley and salt and pepper to taste.

Heap the mixture well up in the tomato shells. Fit them closely together in a well buttered shallowish oven-dish and spoon the following sauce around them:



Simmer together for a few minutes a dessertspoon tomato purée, a teacup stock (hot water and half a bouillon or chicken cube will do) and a dessertspoon of breadcrumbs with a good walnut of butter beaten into them. Season to taste with plenty of pepper.

Dot each stuffed tomato with butter, then bake for 20 minutes at 400 degrees Fahr. or gas mark 5. Sprinkle the tomatoes with 2 or 3 tablespoons grated cheese (in all) and bake for a further 25 minutes.

Any favourite savoury stuffing—sausage meat, even minced cooked meat and the like—can be used in place of the above.



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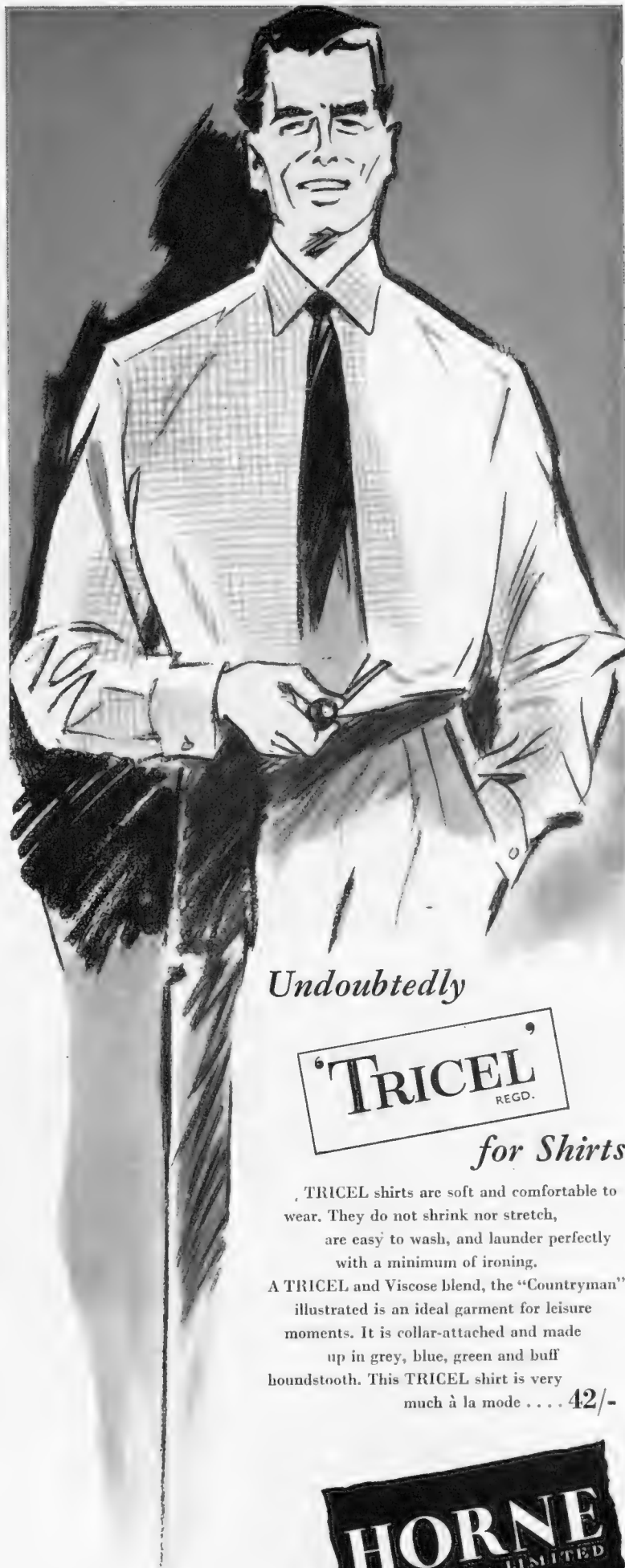
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Charles Massey at his grill in Massey's Chop House. He is a member of the 700-year-old French order of La Chaîne de Rotisseurs



DINING OUT

Rival recommendation

by ISAAC BICKERSTAFF

YOU WOULD HARDLY expect someone who directs a small and excellent restaurant to recommend strongly a rival establishment within less than half-a-mile of his own. This, however, occurred when I was talking to Charles Massey at Massey's Chophouse in Beauchamp Place.

Not only did he recommend the Marynka at 232 Brompton Road to me, but passing his Charcoal Grill over to his chef, he took me there to lunch.

This is a small friendly establishment with a total capacity of about 30 people. The menu is short, which is a relief after having so often to make up one's mind between about 200 items on some of the more elaborate ones. What is offered is excellent and reasonably priced.

Between us we had Oeuf à la Russe, 3s.; Paté Maison aux truffes, 4s. 6d. I settled for Grilled Turbot with a good Sauce Provençale for 7s. and Massey for a Pepper Steak for 9s. 6d., to which he gave high praise. As he specializes in steaks at his own place he ought to know.

There are four wines by the large glass for 4s. to 4s. 6d.; Burgundies and Bordeaux start at 18s. per bottle and the Hocks at 20s.

The Marynka has been running for eight years and is owned and operated by Catherine and Witold Stadnikiewicz.

Before the war Witold was an executive in a Polish iron and steel syndicate, became a captain in the Polish Army.

They have a Hungarian and a Polish cook, but if they happen to be absent Madame Stadnikiewicz can step into the breach. If you

want a table in the lunch hour or the evening, telephone REN. 6753.

If I had a young and beautiful daughter (I have but she is married and lives in Switzerland) and if as it says in B.O.A.C.'s "Air Stewardess applicants information sheet" she was "smart, well-groomed, with good carriage and pleasant personality," I should certainly encourage her if she wanted to fly as an air hostess.

My enthusiasm for this was the result partly of having done a lot of flying lately and being vastly impressed by the quality, ability and charm of the girls on the plane. But it was increased after having had lunch in a stationary fuselage at London Airport. The meal was prepared in the plane with normal air equipment and served by stewards and stewardesses in training. My host was Major E. W. Belcher, the Corporation's cabin services manager, the chief instructor, Mr. John Lawrence, being in constant attendance to check and correct on the spot any errors the students might make.

If I had received the sort of services these trainees gave, at the five course lunch at some West End restaurants I can think of, I should be delighted. This included the service of three wines. This was the menu: choice of Le Consomme Madrilene or la Crème de Champignon; Turbot Creole; filet de boeuf Madrid, les Pommes Viennoise, les haricots verts au beurre, la Salade Mimosa; le gateau aux fruits; les fromages assortis or la corbeille de fruits frais; café; friandises. The wines were Dry Fly Sherry, Graves, Royal Monastere, 1953, and Grand Vin de Bourgogne by Geisweiler, 1953.

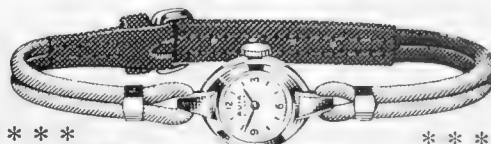
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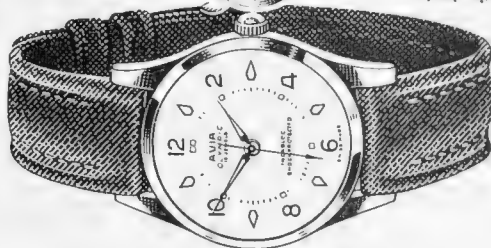
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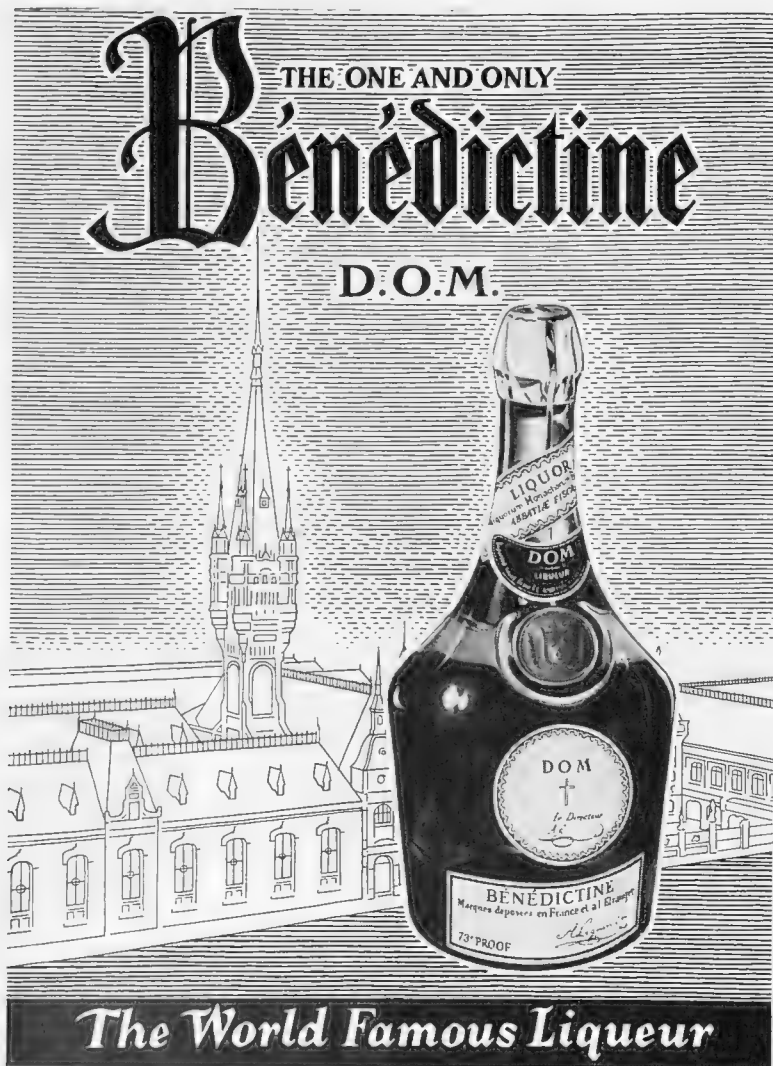
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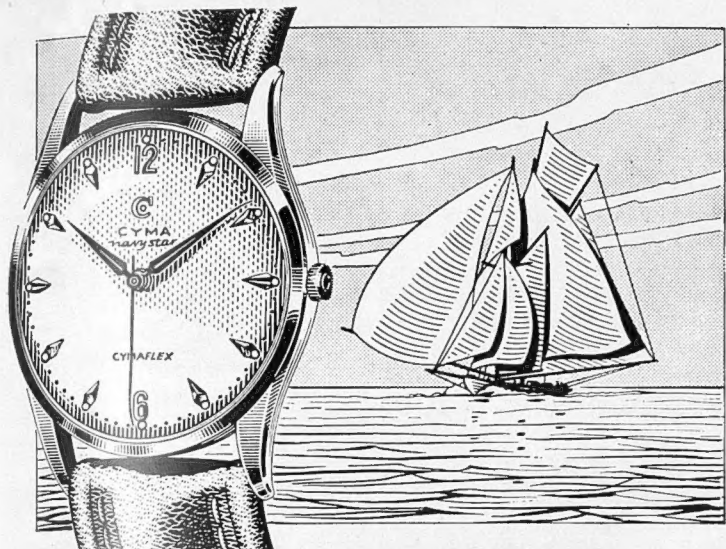
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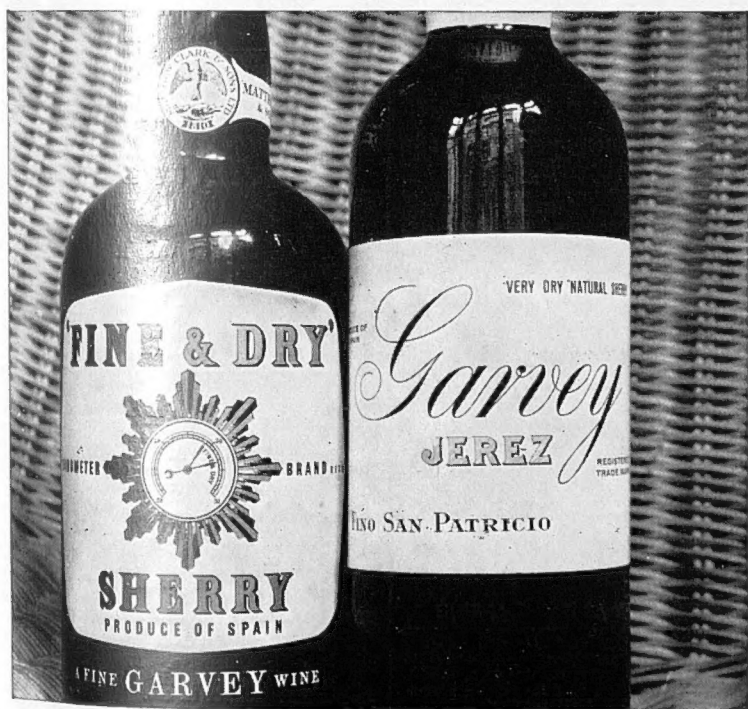
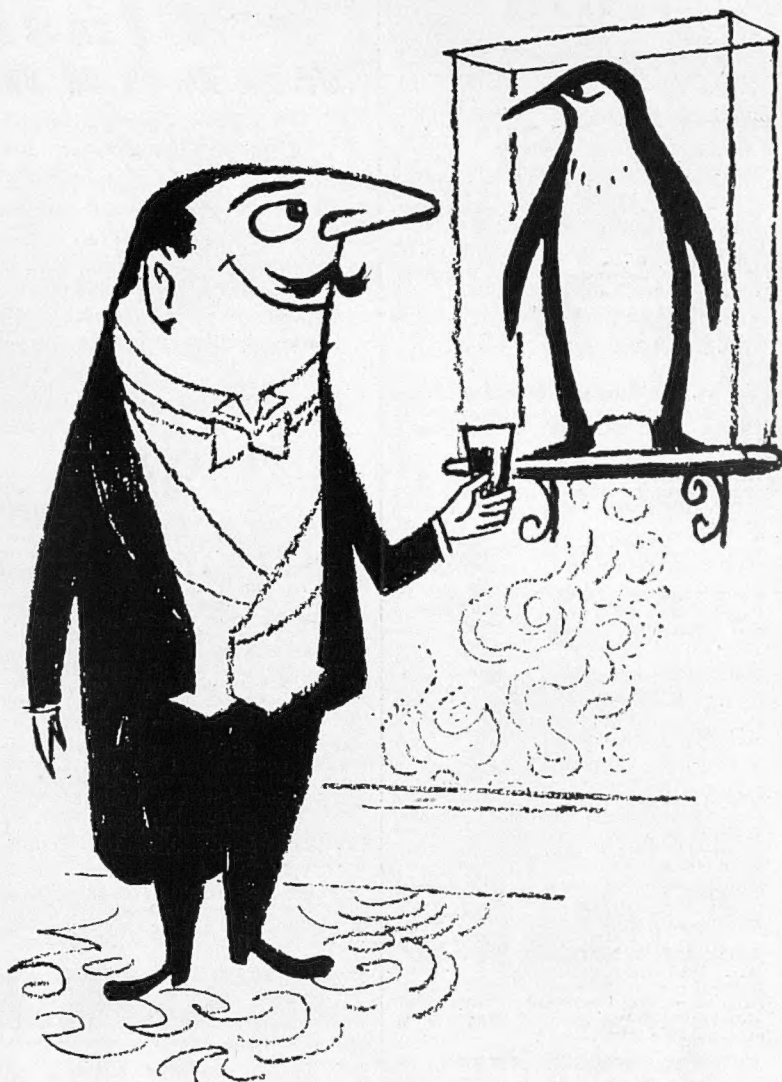
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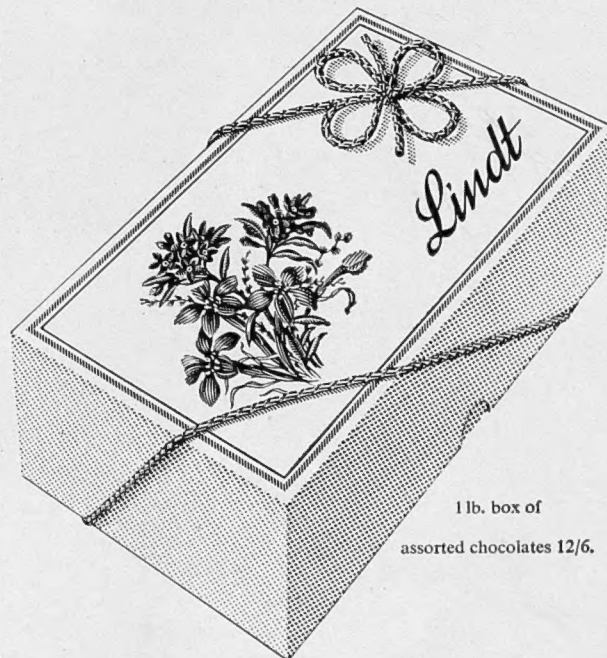
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